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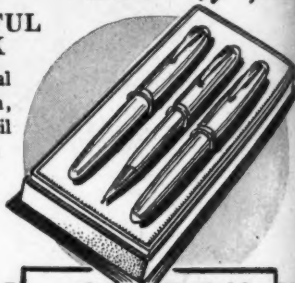
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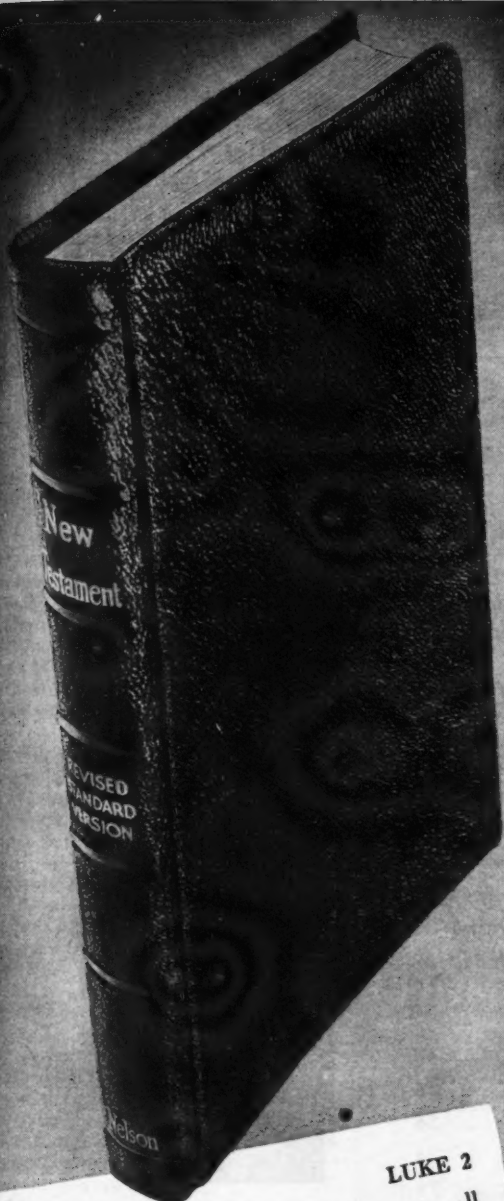
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“for to you is born this day in the city of David
who is Christ the Lord.”¹² And this will be a sign
you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths
in a manger.”¹³ And suddenly there was with the
multitude of the heavenly host praising God and

“Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace among men with whom he is
pleased!”¹⁴
the angels went away from them into heaven,
saying, “Let us go over to Beth-
lehem, and which the Lord

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OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.

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Among Those Present...

G. Bromley Oxnam (*Must We Fight Russia?*, page 6) is one of the outstanding churchmen in America. (Not one in a million knows that that first initial stands for Garfield.) Son of a California mining engineer, he was a football star at the University of Southern California and an elevator operator while studying at the Boston University School of Theology. He started a church in Los Angeles known far and wide now as The Church of All Nations; on that building in L. A. is a tablet in his honor, telling those who stop long enough to read it, that G. Bromley Oxnam is "An Advocate of Brotherhood and World Peace."

Like Peter Marshall, Oxnam's language has the kick of a mule; men who know him stay away from him in public debate. His sermons are pungent, meaty, vital; he talks with the speed of a machine-gun, saying more in ten minutes than most men say in fifty. Currently, he is championing church union; picked by his brother bishops to make the all-important Episcopal Address at the Methodist Conference (Boston, in April), he has a speech up his sleeve that will make more than Methodists think, and think hard.

He has a string of honorary degrees after his name that would take all the space in this column; closest to his heart is a D.D. from Yale—one of the very, very few D.D.'s given out by that University.

Peter Marshall (*New Glory For Old Glory*, page 24) is Chaplain of the United States Senate and pastor of historic old



New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C. He speaks with a rich broad burr, thanks to being born in Coatbridge, Scotland. He went to a Scotch technical college, took an engineering degree and worked his way up

to the status of foreman in a steel mill. Arriving on our shores in 1927, he became successively laborer, timekeeper, newspaperman, minister.

When he preaches at New York Avenue, he preaches to mobs; the members come in by way of a fire escape, and the non-members, filling the street outside the Church, come in after that. You get there at 10 or you don't get in. He's built a better homiletical mousetrap, and all Washington has beaten a path to his door.

Douglas Wood Gibson, who writes the informative article *What's a Juvenile Delinquent?* on page 22 of this issue, has been a sort of jack-of-all-trades in the writing business. He has tried his capable hand at almost all forms of the craft—including magazine articles and fiction, radio and television scripts, and plays. During the war, Mr. Gibson also had a great deal to do with the making of Navy training films. He has even authored a number of radio commercials—"for which," he says with

bowed head, "I now publicly apologize."
For him, as to most individuals who take their pens in hand with an eye to publication, writing does not come easy. And in his bleaker moments of non-productivity, he wonders why he didn't take up ditch-digging instead. But, says he, right in the midst of such dour discouragement, along comes such an assignment as this one on the cops and the kids in Morristown, N. J., and—presto—everything's all right again.

Bess Streeter Aldrich (*Journey Into Christmas*, page 21) is a name too long missing from our pages. Her pieces used to appear with satisfying consistency in **CHRISTIAN HERALD**, and we're glad to have her back.



Author of some 160 short stories and eleven books, many of which have been translated into several foreign languages, Mrs. Aldrich

has had at least two of her stories on the screen. She was born in Iowa, taught school for six years, married and moved to Nebraska—"but not in a covered wagon, as some of my youthful readers have imagined after reading my stories about pioneer life!"

Harry B. Wilson and Paul Tredway (*Portrait of a Preacher Going Places*, page 19) are a couple of rewrite men who not long ago decided that their best talents were not getting fullest expression in the city room of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Talking it over, they saw no reason why



TREDWAY



WILSON

they shouldn't employ their spare time in free-lance magazine writing. Bravely they faced their weaknesses as well as their strengths in the writing business. Main weakness: that familiar occupational disease known to all writers, inertia.

Says Wilson: "We started writing together to provide a mutual spur to our not-too-abundant energies. The theory is that when laziness overtakes one it misses the other who then pulls his faltering partner back on the beam. We haven't figured out yet what to do if laziness strikes us both at once!"

There's certainly no indication of inertia's presence in the competent job they have done on the completely unlazy C. Oscar Johnson!

During World War II, Wilson as a Navy lieutenant chased enemy submarines aboard a sub-chaser on convoy duty; Tredway, as a sergeant in the Army Counter Intelligence Corps, spent the war chasing potential spies in Australia and suspected collaborators in the Philippines.

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OUR READERS

Ask . . .

DR. POLING ANSWERS

¶ Mistakes are embarrassing—but they do happen. And now I must correct a correction. On this page in the November issue, in my re-statement of facts concerning church attendance of the Fort Knox Universal Training Experimental Unit, this sentence appeared: "Immediately after this compulsory period Protestant attendance dropped from 435 to 37—but that drop came on the first three week ends when there was an exodus of trainees." The last half of that sentence should have read "... but that drop came on the first free week end when there was an exodus of trainees." And this statement is correct—unless somewhere somebody tampers with it!

• *Could you give me a grace before meals for a new Christian family?*

This question in one form or another comes frequently to my desk. Ruth Sweet of Seattle, Washington, answers it. The following three graces have been used in her home for thirty-five years:

Breakfast:

Gracious Giver of all good,
Thee we thank for rest and food;
Grant that all we do or say,
In Thy service be this day.

Lunch:

Father, for this noonday meal
We would speak the praise we feel;
Health and strength we have from
Thee,
Help us, Lord, to faithful be.

Dinner:

Tireless Guardian of our way,
Thou hast kept us well this day;
While we thank Thee, we request
Care continued, pardon, rest.

• *A pastor in our community claims that his particular Church was founded by Jesus Christ and that no other Church can honestly make this claim. What do you think?*

For any Church to claim that it is the one and the only Church founded by Jesus Christ is a rebuke to the Christian faith and a travesty on truth. The Christian Church is made up of all Christian Churches and of all those who worship Him in spirit and in truth.

• *Does Mahatma Gandhi accept Jesus Christ as divine—as God's only begotten Son?*

Mahatma Gandhi does not accept Jesus Christ as God's only begotten Son. He does, I believe, ascribe to Jesus' divinity, but not to the unique deity in which orthodox Christianity accepts Him. Mahatma Gandhi, who has for Jesus love and veneration, is nevertheless not a Christian, but a Hindu.

• *You were generous in giving Rufus Jones to Swarthmore, but were you correct?*

I was generous at the expense of Haverford College, but definitely I was not correct. I knew better, and I apologize.

• *I am told that the Mormon Church is more strict in its teachings and practices with regard to liquor and tobacco than is the Protestant Church generally. Living in New England, I am not acquainted with Mormonism, and I doubt the statement. Do you have the facts?*

The statement referred to is correct. As to liquor and cigarettes, the Mormon Church is a prohibition church. Faithful members of the Church both preach and practice these and other social principles which in too many 20th Century circles are regarded as old-fashioned and outmoded.

• *I have read your article, but am still not convinced that universal peacetime conscription would be a good thing. Perhaps if we followed the Swedish or Swiss plan rather than Hitler's, it would strengthen America, but how can we be sure of doing this?*

The President's Civilian Commission did not recommend "peacetime conscription." The Commission members believe that universal military training, which they did recommend, will help keep the United States from peacetime or any other "time" conscription. Also, what they recommended follows in principle the Swedish and Swiss plans. The Commission's program is specifically and definitely opposed to the Hitler system or any other similar system.

• *It is an appalling fact that we spend millions more on amusement, drink, cigarettes, gambling and worse things, than we spend on spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Why should CHRISTIAN HERALD promote moving pictures?*

We are trying to deal constructively with the serious problems suggested in the above question. Christian idealism and everyday reality must somehow be reconciled. Jesus Himself was criticized because He associated with "publicans and sinners." But He accepted His responsibility for living with people as He found them, and for doing His best to serve and help them as He found them. We are not promoting moving pictures. We are doing our best to help our vast and growing constituency find the good in life everywhere. We believe that the Protestant Motion Picture Council is rendering a significant service to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

• *If I could be sure that the Fort Knox pattern would be universally applied in a training program for American boys, I would be happy to have my sons receive this training, but can I be sure?*

The President's Commission has proposed moral safeguards and opportunities for religious instruction and guidance that would immeasurably benefit American youth, and, therefore, the nation itself. I am not a prophet. I do not know what the bill itself will include, but I do know that I shall oppose any bill that does not include these moral safeguards and these opportunities for religious instruction and guidance. I shall do everything within my power to have these safeguards and opportunities included in the law.

• *What do you think of the enclosed speech of the Honorable Ed Gossett, Representative from Texas? Are you impressed for his reasons for opposing the Stratton Bill and the admission of 400,000 displaced persons?*

I have read the speech and I am impressed—sadly. The Representative, however sincere and frank, makes a very poor case for his cause. The reasons he advances against are generally reasons for. To him those who favor the Stratton Bill are "ultra-liberal, crackpots and misguided humanitarians." Definitely he says so! The speech concludes with Stephen Decatur's immortal words: "Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign countries, may she always be right but our country, right or wrong!" So what!

• *What do you think of a Sunday-school program that does not refer to Jesus as Savior and Lord? (All His other attributes seem to be included.) Is this fair to the children?*

It is not fair to the children. A very incomplete picture is given in a teaching program such as you describe. I cannot understand why any plan of Christian education or, indeed, of religious education, should ever be restricted in this manner.



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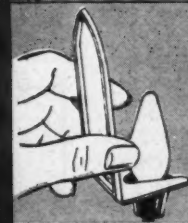
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Must We Fight Russia?

By G. BROMLEY OXNAM

THERE are many who do not believe we can resolve our differences with Russia. They assume war is inevitable and approach those differences in hysteria and hatred. Hate is like high-test gasoline. Drop a match into it and you get an explosion. The Hon. George H. Earle, former United States Minister to Hungary and Bulgaria, informs us that Russia would drop atomic bombs on us if she had them. He advocates dropping our bombs first. Differences are not resolved in this atmosphere. Neither Vishinsky vituperation nor Hearst headlines contribute to solution.

Upon what basis can we resolve our differences?

First, *we must be strong*. Russians face realities and respect strength. I assume adequate military force to repel aggression, to preserve our liberty, and to meet our commitments to the United Nations. But our problem in the United States is not the invasion of an army. It is the infiltration of an ideology. Ideologies cannot be suffocated by poison gas nor demolished by atomic bombs. Ideas are conquered by better ideas whose truth has been revealed in practices that enrich personality. The surest way to destroy dictatorship abroad is to establish democracy at home, and to support democracy throughout the earth.

Communism makes no headway where plenty exists and justice abounds. Poverty is the open door through which it enters. Communism can never win a free and democratic America, nor has it any message for a society that has abolished the exploitation of man by man. It is easier to summon us to a holy war against Russia than to solve the problems involved in establishing economic justice.

Second, *we must be unafraid*. Americans know that it is possible for irreconcilable and dynamic beliefs to exist side by side in peace, provided all men renounce the methods of intolerance in

spreading their way of life. When a faith is propagated by reason, emotional appeal and good example, conflict is not inevitable. Russia at present refuses that method. Democracy is a better society than communism can build.

STALIN will not appreciate a quotation from Trotsky, but Trotsky said the conflict between communism and capitalism would be determined by the relative co-efficients of production. That word "co-efficients" is the rub. He meant that the system that produces goods most efficiently will win. I am sure American engineers are not afraid to face that test. But full production awaits the extension of democracy to our economic life so that the worker may participate fully in determining the conditions under which he works, and share equitably in the wealth he produces.

Third, we must make it clear to the world that *the real issue is the free state versus the police state*. We are op-

posed to the police state, whether or right. Economic recovery under conditions of freedom in Europe is imperative, and we should give the Marshall Plan full support, but we must make it clear, as he did, that "Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos."

OUR policy unfortunately appears to Europeans as one of blocking Russian imperialism by force in order to impose our economic way in Europe. We have nearly convinced the people of Europe that our bread is not for the starving but for the hungry who will accept our economic thinking.

I have heard it said that loans to socialist Britain have no place in the program of a capitalist America. But free Britain must be free to determine for itself whether a socialist economy is better for the common man than a capitalist economy. A free Denmark and a free Sweden must be free to determine whether cooperatives serve the people better than monopolies. And free America must be free to choose free enterprise, or free enterprise supplemented by such public corporations as the Tennessee Valley Authority and by such collective endeavor as the reclamation of deserts and the building of the Hoover Dam.

So far, I have been speaking of steps antecedent to resolving our immediate differences. On the positive side, dramatic, masterful, far-seeing action must be taken based upon the principle that war with Russia can be avoided and must be avoided without compromise of basic convictions.

First, may I propose that the President of the United States send two distinguished and qualified plenipotentiaries to Russia at once to sit with Stalin in personal conference and come to grips with problems that cannot be

Oxnamisms

► Hate is like high-test gasoline. Drop a match in it and you get an explosion. . . . Neither Vishinsky vituperation nor Hearst headlines contribute to solution of our differences.

► We must be strong. . . . We must be unafraid. . . . We must make it clear to the world that the real issue is the free state versus the police state.

► We have nearly convinced the people of Europe that our bread is not for the starving but for the hungry who will accept our economic thinking.

► The only way to get rid of an iron curtain is to lift it.

► I would like to see twenty-five outstanding religious leaders go to Russia to meet the leaders of Russian Christianity . . . and I would like to have twenty-five of their leaders come here. Similarly, in the other professions.

solved by name-calling or sabre-rattling.

The President might choose the Secretary of State for the Democratic representative, although some creative leader, not a military man, might be better. Personally, I would like to have him choose John Foster Dulles as the Republican. Vishinsky called Dulles a war-monger; actually no man is working harder for peace. Mr. Dulles has a realistic mind, the necessary intellectual drive, and his thinking is grounded in moral principle. He is a trained negotiator, and I think Stalin would like him and find it possible to deal with his realistic and tough approach. I think he would make it clear to Stalin that men who have experienced freedom will die for it rather than forfeit it. I believe he could convince Stalin that persistence in the use of methods of intolerance, such as infiltration, seizure of government, destruction of opposition and the denial of freedom, will jeopardize the peace and cannot in the end prevail.

IF STALIN would abandon these methods of intolerance, then we stand ready to face realistically the problems that normally arise between states. Consideration of Russian claims for winter ports and access to the Mediterranean? Yes. Financial assistance for economic recovery? Yes. The right to propagate their views by tolerant means? Yes.

Second, the President should call a conference of leaders of public opinion, and ask their cooperation in creating an atmosphere calculated to make negotiations feasible and solution possible.

Third, I believe the President should call upon Stalin to arrange for the joint interchange of religious, educational, scientific, artistic and business leaders. I have great respect for our military men, but I do not believe the training necessary for competency at arms is the training that makes for competency at the conference table. I would like to see twenty-five outstanding religious leaders go to Russia to meet the leaders of Russian Christianity, not for the purpose of drafting conventions, but for the purpose of understanding each other, and I would like to have twenty-five of their leaders come here. Similarly, in the other professions. The only way to get rid of an iron curtain is to lift it.

Fourth, the President should make it clear in statement and practice that we intend to work through the United Nations, with or without Russia, that we are ready to abolish the veto, and will stand consistently for the facing of these issues in terms of the democratic decision of the representatives of the peoples of the world. If the day ever comes when we must put our full force back of the United Nations, we will be doing it in terms of the judgment of humanity, rather than in the decision of a single nation.

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Sunday School Lessons

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, December 7th

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

III JOHN

PERSONAL correspondence is deeply revealing. Recently the world awaited breathlessly the opening of a vault in which the correspondence of Lincoln had been hidden. There was great disappointment when it was found that Lincoln's son had destroyed all that might throw further light on the inner life of the Great Emancipator.

This Third Letter of John is in character with all the writings of the Beloved Apostle. It also reveals the characters of three of his contemporaries: Gaius, Diotrephes, and Demetrius. The purpose of the epistle is stated in verse 2: "Beloved, do not imitate evil but good; he who does good belongs to God, he who does evil has never seen God" (Moffatt).

John had sent some of his disciples on missionary journeys, probably from Ephesus. He was then old and much of his missionary work had to be done through others. Early Christian missionaries, like our pioneer preachers, had to depend on the hospitality of strangers. John's disciples returned to tell him of the kindness of Gaius. So he wrote this beautiful little epistle, possibly sending it to him through Demetrius.

Who was Gaius? It is not likely that he was one of the four others by that name mentioned in Scriptures. Rather he was another of those loyal souls whose names are to be honored so long as the old Book lives. It is enough to know that he was true blue, that he lived his Christian faith and that he opened his home to strangers who came in the Name of the Lord. Where he lived, Christian fellowship lived. He was to know that "He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward" (Matthew 10:41).

There are Gaius homes today. In spite of few rooms and restricted space, there is always a welcome for the stranger. These are homes where homeless children and aged or evicted neighbors are welcomed as honored guests. Homes where visiting pastors or missionaries are made to feel that their stay is a blessing. Homes where one feels the presence of the Unseen Guest who said, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these . . . you have done it unto me." In these days of

housing shortages, have we Christians realized the joy of sharing?

DIOTREPHES is another unknown. Better so! Evidently he was a church official, jealous of his position and puffed up in his own conceit. Even the Beloved Apostle can make no impression on him. How dreadfully tragic that men like Diotrephes can sometimes dominate the Church of Christ. When any other motive than the love of Christ moves a man he has no place in the Church, no right of leadership. John will deal with him when he is able to visit that congregation.

It is pleasant to turn to Demetrius. "Everybody testifies" to him, even John himself. His name stands in the record by the side of the name of Gaius, symbol of loyalty. "By their fruits you will know them." We have no record of the creed of these men, no formal statement of their philosophy of life. They lived the kind of lives that proved they had been with Jesus and learned of Him.

Someone has written: "When Jesus thought of God, He lived as though it were true. When Jesus saw men as brothers, He lived a steady brotherly life with all sorts of people." To living like that He calls all His disciples.

Our homes and our churches should be places of Christian hospitality. I like to see a congregation linger after service as though the people enjoyed their fellowship so much they would not hurry home to their dinners. Each service should be like a family gathering. Sometimes the stranger can come and go with little greeting. He feels shut out of the neighborly circle.

There is a famous church in Philadelphia called "The Friendly Church." Its pastor, Dr. Ross Stover, has taught his people to make the stranger welcome. When, as a visitor, you enter the church you are warmly greeted. Before you leave you have been introduced to him and to many of the members. It may even be that you will be invited to someone's home for dinner. No wonder it is a great and growing church. The New Testament church was like that. Is yours?

Questions:

It is said that institutions for the care of orphans, aged and needy are evidence of the failure of our Christian homes. What do you think? Some sects refuse all public charity, insisting on caring for their own. Are they right?

Can Christian fellowship be practiced at a distance? Would John prove our efforts to feed and clothe the needy of far-off countries? Are there calls for sharing also tests of our faith?

• Sunday, December 14th

LOYALTY UNDER PERSECUTION

REVELATION 2:8-11; 7:9-17

HEBREW books were often named by their first word. In the case of this book we are now studying, Revelation was not only the first word but also the most fitting title. The Greek in which it was written uses the word "Apocalypse" and Revelation is an exact translation into a Latin word. It means literally "discovery," that is, an uncovering of that which is veiled, hidden, unknown.

It was a time of great persecution. To many Christians it seemed that Rome had conquered and Christ had gone down in defeat. In the language of visions and mysteries John offers the church assurance of final victory. He is the writer, while the revelation comes to him from God. It is a timely book for our age of crisis. Even when Christ seems most defeated, He is riding to victory. Judgment comes for kingdoms and people who would crucify Him again.

In the end the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. A defeated and despondent Christian is a contradiction in terms.

Sincere Christians differ as to the interpretation of Revelation, even as they differ as to its author. I have not been convinced that the traditional belief that John the Apostle was the author should be discarded. Since the language is very figurative, dealing with divine mysteries, it is to be expected that all will not agree as to its exact meaning. All will agree that John was inspired to comfort the persecuted Church with assurance of the victory of Christ. Even death could not defeat His true disciples. That assurance still holds.

Our second Scripture lesson rises to great heights of faith. To Christians facing almost certain death it pictures the glories of eternal life. Hunger, thirst, the heat of an Oriental sun burning their unprotected bodies, and the man-made fires of persecution—all these will be no more. In the eternal presence of the Christ for whom they suffered, they will know such joy that their trials will be forgotten.

THERE HAS BEEN NO generation from the time of John to the present that has not known the persecution of Christians somewhere in the world. The bravery of these martyrs is due to the certainty of heaven through the redeeming power of their Lord.

(Continued on page 52)

As The Wise Men Brought Their Gifts...



You, too, can bring your gifts to the Master—and at the same time give a loved one, or yourself, a life income

Nearly two thousand years ago, the three wise men brought gifts of gold, incense and spices to their Saviour. Now, nearly twenty centuries later, gifts are still needed to carry on His work through Christian missions.

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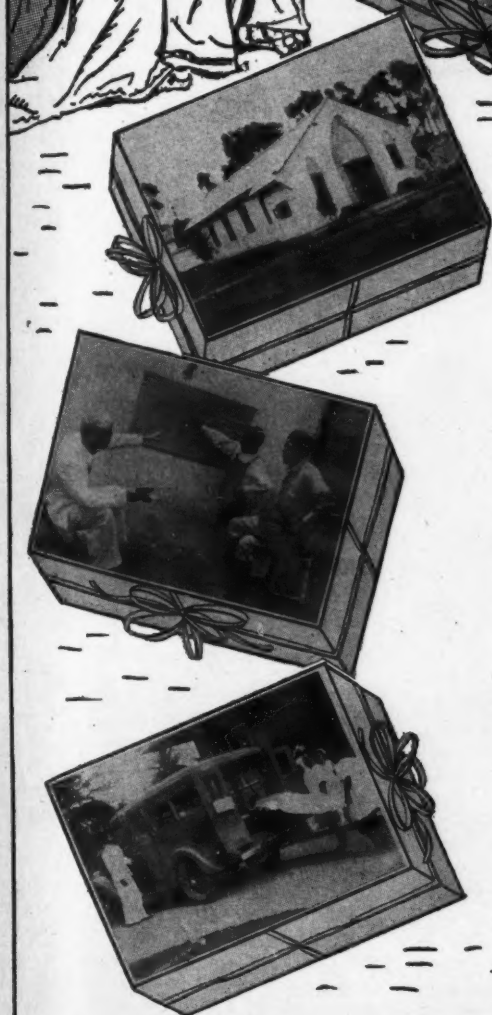
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Footprints in the Snow

*A mantle of compassion has been spread
Above all ugliness; the lurching shed,
With sagging roof and door that yawns in space,
Becomes endowed with dignity and grace;
Oak limbs, once naked, harshly rough and brown
Are cushioned deep in faultless eiderdown;
Dark furrowed fields ripped by a violent plow
And frozen in deformity are now
Smooth as the waves upon a summer sea,
Matchless in sweep of rhythmic symmetry.
This never-ending white no man has trod
Bears unmistakably the print of God.*

—Golden Caper Smith



A Department of Interpretation and Comment

Edited by GABRIEL COURIER

AT HOME

FOOD: So you're not eating meat on Tuesday, or eggs on Thursday, are you? So the men in Washington are arguing over whether they're going to ration your food or try the honor system, are they? So Europe will go Communist unless we pull in our belts, eat less, send them more?

Yes, that's just about the way it is. When the President of the United States asks us to eat one slice of bread less per day per person, he is figuring that such a saving would mean seven million one-pound loaves of bread per day for Europe. When he asked the thirty-nine major distillers in this country to take a 60-day holiday from production, he knew that the saving here would amount to from ten to twenty million bushels of grain. We're not so sure about the savings involved in the egg-and-chicken department, but we'd be inclined to take the President's word, even there. He—or his advisors—ought to know.

We'll never feed Europe and Communism by way of voluntary rationing here at home. It's brutal to say it, but there just aren't enough Americans with honor enough to be placed on a voluntary honor system, when it comes to food. The President opposed the very idea of legal controls. We believe he will have to come to it, politics or no politics, sooner or later.

Somehow, it's got to be done. It *can* be done. The United States can work out a Marshall plan to the extent of twenty-billion dollars spread over the next four years, without any risk whatever to our national welfare or security or living standards. We have the *physical* ability to do that, but have we the moral—and spiritual—ability?

CANDIDATES: Maybe we're in the doldrums before the big blow, or maybe there's monkey-business going on that we're not intended to know anything

about; but either way, the Republican strategy right now has us puzzled. We haven't heard anything political from Mr. Dewey in so long that we're wondering if he's still around; his hat just lies there in the ring, as if it were dead. General Eisenhower may be worried over how he'll look in cap and gown; he isn't saying much, either, except that he isn't a candidate for President—yet.

Then there's Mr. Taft and Mr. Stassen putting on an act that would go great on the Fred Allen show. They turn up in the same towns; they appear on the same platforms! They pat each other on the back. In Des Moines the other day, Senator Taft said of Mr. Stassen: "Governor Stassen and I have differed on many issues, but we are prepared to compromise our individual views to . . . maintain the solidarity of our party." To which Mr. Stassen, at the same place, replied, "I have a deep respect for (Mr. Taft's) integrity, his sincerity and his ability."

Could there possibly be a deal here? Has Stassen quit the race for President, compromised for the vice-presidential nomination? The only other performance stranger than the Taft-Stassen one is that of Henry Wallace, who calls Eisenhower a "singularly enlightened man" and says he could carry all but nine states if he teamed up with Stassen!

Such politeness—and among Presidential candidates at that!

TOWN RALLY: Every now and then, in these days of wars and rumors of wars, a little item leaks through the press that makes you think there's some good in erring mankind after all. One came through the other day from Middletown, Kentucky, where little Joyce Marie Seward is back home after an operation.

It seems that Joyce Marie, a pretty little five-year-old blonde, was blinded in a truck explosion last February; the same accident killed her father. The youngster seemed doomed to a life in the dark—until the neighbors got busy,

put on two amateur minstrel shows that attracted every man, woman and child in town, and donated the proceeds to the operation on the child's eyes. Last month, Joyce Marie saw for the first time in five terrible years.

Ye who say man is an animal with a tin veneer—read that, and learn that there is something good under the veneer.

RECORDS: Mr. James C. Petrillo, the "Little Caesar" of the American musicians, tells them now that after December 31 of this year, they are to make no more recordings of their music. For recorded music, says Little Caesar, deprives other musicians of employment.

He's right; music now is "piped in" to all sorts of places that formerly hired orchestras and bands. That means that some orchestras and bands won't be hired. It also means that the recording band—or band leader—makes more money than otherwise. Petrillo, thinking of *all* the men in his musicians' union, has decided that recording does most of them more harm than good, financially, so there are to be no more records.

This is the most dangerous step Little Caesar has yet taken; he fights not only the bands and band leaders and the record industry, but the public. The public has some rights, as well as Mr. Petrillo. We believe that one of those rights is to take its music as it wants its music. Petrillo says the public can't do that. Well, we'll see. . . .

Mr. Petrillo might study the case of John L. Lewis while he's waiting for a test case to come up on his record business. Mr. Lewis is outside of the A.F. of L. looking in, as a result of his recent battle with that body. And the public is a lot bigger than the A.F. of L.

FOOTBALL: Fordham University used to have one of the ten best teams in the country; this year, it had one of the country's very worst. The other night the head man at Fordham, Rev. Robert I. Gannon, delivered himself of a few trite remarks on that situation. To wit:

"The team will get better in the next couple of years, but if I have anything to say about it, they'll not get too good. . . . A topflight college eleven does not pay off financially, scholastically, socially or athletically. . . . We are not interested in providing business for the gambling fraternity and we are not interested in the sportswriters (who) . . . think a university's sole purpose is to provide them with an income."

We'd say he's right. Football is no longer genuinely a collegiate competition; it's big business. And it's a doubtful business, with colleges buying players and paying them under cover. It's big business insofar as the gamblers are concerned, too. It's time we rated colleges and universities on the basis of their ability to educate men to think

and not on their ability to buy a thick-skulled fullback big enough to get through an opponent's line.

If the whole truth were known about collegiate football, there wouldn't be any collegiate football; sportslovers would be as disgusted with the pigskin business as they have become over the boxing business.

COURIER'S CUES: Forrestal, Harriman are being mentioned strongly as vice-presidential (Dem.) possibilities; Dem's also speak of potential Truman-Eisenhower team that might win easily . . . General Omar Bradley will shortly become Chief of Staff, succeeding Eisenhower . . . GOP will go along with Truman's European relief program; GOP congressmen, touring Europe, have learned a lot about hunger . . . Ex-Mayor Curley will be out of jail for Christmas; the gamblers say that, in Boston . . . Henry Wallace, friend of labor, was *not* on speakers' list for CIO convention last month in Boston; that means something . . . Sixty-day holiday for liquor industry is blessing in disguise for them; it will check drop in prices . . . Beer will be cut but not stopped, thanks to government's hesitancy over beer . . . And that's all for this month.

A B R O A D

FRANCE: In an election that was watched more closely by more people and nations than any other election France has ever had, the Communists took a beating. While it is true that this beating was administered at the cost of division among the anti-Communists, it is still good news that France wants none of the abundant (?) life offered by the Kremlin.

The election is important because of its issues. The winners backed the Marshall Plan, advocated going along with the United States; the Communists screamed that to accept American aid, under the Marshall Plan or any other plan, was to make France the political tool of imperialist America. They asked the Frenchmen to refuse American bread when hunger waited around the corner—and the Frenchmen laughed them out of town. They prefer American bread to Communistic chaos—and they saw no threat politically involved, whatever.

Thus, another Soviet effort falls flat on its face. It fell just as Premier Stalin was telling a group of visiting British M.P.'s that Russia is ready to make an agreement with the United States on political and economic problems in the European situation. He says he wants no war—but he fights a cold war in France, inspiring a subway strike that is purely political, flooding France with propaganda against the United States.

His performance belies his words. Maybe we should accept it now; we've had plenty of evidence, up to now. We should know that ever since Lenin, the Russians have been taught that capitalism is their greatest enemy. The United States is the strongest capitalistic power in the modern world—and therefore, according to their lights and propaganda, their chief enemy.

This thing will, we believe, be fought to a finish on the economic front.

PALESTINE: With the gauntlet fairly thrown, Palestine now faces: 1) withdrawal of the British, 2) increased ac-



BRITISH COMBINE

All the world loves a lover—and the eyes of all the world are on these royal lovers: Lieut. Philip Mountbatten and his princess-bride, Elizabeth. They are shown above at Buckingham Palace.

tion by the Arabs, and 3) increased determination by the Jews to establish a Jewish state in Palestine. Which wins and how, depends on three imponderables.

First, the strength of the Jews. They are strong now; with the bans lifted from immigration they will grow stronger, and fast. They are at the moment 60,000 people living on a fortified island in an Arab sea; but money will pour in and more immigrants will come, and the Arabs cannot stop either. The Jews will certainly win the opening rounds of this fight; we believe they will win the whole battle.

Second, the determination of the Arabs. We heard wild tales this month of Arab troops massing on the borders of Palestine; they were wild tales and false. One correspondent went over the whole border, and reported that there

were not 1,000 Arabs within twenty miles on either side of the border from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea. It was a bluff, and it didn't work. The Arabs will have to show more of a united front in Palestine than they have ever shown in all their history to fight this threat to their domination. We believe they will not show such a front, and that they are still too hopelessly divided to win.

Third, the action of the United Nations. The U.N. can, if it chooses, send a police force to keep order; that can happen, but it probably won't. The U. S. would hesitate to send a detachment of troops, fearful lest Russia would immediately claim the same right—and there we go again! No, the U.N. will raise no international police force for Palestine, but it may try to recruit a constabulary within Palestine to hold the lid down.

Either way you figure it, there's trouble and bloodshed ahead. It is not nice to say in such a magazine as this, but force alone will decide the fate of the Land of the Prince of Peace!

GOOD IDEA: Better than sixty percent of the Germans in and around Hamburg and Schleswig-Holstein still think Nazism was a good idea. A good idea that went wrong. It was good when it was "national socialism"; corrupted by a lot of "little Hitlers" like von Ribbentrop, the idea degenerated into something bad. So says a report of the British Military Government in these areas.

They liked national socialism because under it there were fine social welfare plans, no unemployment and a lot of construction projects. That the philosophy of national socialism, and later Nazism, nearly destroyed them doesn't seem to occur to them at all. But then, it's an old pattern. It was Nero's pattern for old Rome. Build great highways, big buildings, railroads; take care of their teeth, free; even give them old-age insurance. And meanwhile, make them so subservient to the state that provides all these boons that they will never again think for themselves.

That's exactly why so many of the youth of the world today refuse to work as their fathers worked; they want free food, raiment and dental care *on the state*. They would make the state a Frankenstein, and they don't even seem to know it! Until they get that idea out of their heads, and go to work again, the world will continue in uproar.

TEACHER: Speaking of youth, there's an old lady who has just been rediscovered under a banyan tree near the little town of Adyar, India. She's a long, long way from home; she is Maria Montessori. Remember her?

Some few years back she was the
(Continued on page 15)

one in a hundred ...

The spirit of this letter, if caught by the evangelicals of America, would multiply beyond estimation the influence of Fuller Theological Seminary.

Dear Friends,
News about Fuller Theological Seminary thrilled me. Nothing could come to the kingdom for such a time as this, more appropriately than 'a center of evangelical scholarship.'

And, of course, I want a part in the work—though I wish it could be more. I am a tither, and God has blessed me. Ten dollars in every one hundred go to His work and, in the months ahead, one in a hundred will be set aside for the new venture in Pasadena.

Count on my prayers and interest, as you carry on to proclaim effectively to all men the riches of God's grace in Christ Jesus.

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YOUR SUPPORT IS INVITED NOW!

Write in *YOUR* choice for THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

FOR the past three years the Protestant Motion Picture Council has been waging an unceasing fight for better films. Convinced of the tremendous influence exerted by the motion-picture industry, the PMPC has chosen to make its battle for cinematic purity constructive rather than merely destructive . . . its approach to the problem of "what to do about the movies" positive rather than negative.

Hence its monthly reviewing service. Printed regularly in CHRISTIAN HERALD and other religious journals, and distributed to thousands of churches

and local Better Films groups across the country, these PMPC reviews have had an acknowledged impact on the motion-picture industry as well as offering valued guidance to millions of Christian movie-goers.

A feature of this reviewing service has been the PMPC's monthly choice of "THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH." To gain this coveted rating, producers and distributors alike have shown an increasing eagerness to make their feature attractions not only more entertaining and technically superior but also more palatable to people of Christian conscience.

Now . . . Christian Herald and the PMPC want your help in choosing THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Here's your chance to make your opinion felt, your voice heard, in the place it will count most—right in Hollywood and elsewhere . . . your chance to say, in emphatic tones: "This is the kind of movies I and my family want!"

Clip out, fill in, and mail this coupon TODAY!

Motion Picture Editor,
CHRISTIAN HERALD,
27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

My vote for PICTURE OF THE YEAR goes to:

(Title of motion picture)

(Signed)

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State

DO THIS NOW! Think back over the pictures you have seen during the past twelve months. Ask yourself: "What one picture has impressed me most with its excellence? Which has come closest to my ideal of good, clean entertainment?"

Here are some of the PMPC choices for "Pictures of the Month" during the past twelve months:

"THE YEARLING"
"STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN"
"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"
"MIRACLE OF 34TH STREET"
"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"
"IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE"

"MARGIE"
"MAGNIFICENT DOLL"
"THE CAPTIVE HEART"
"THE BEGINNING OR THE END"
"UNCONQUERED"

You may find your candidate for PICTURE OF THE YEAR among them. But not necessarily! Your choice may be made from any production released in your community during 1947. All we ask is that you tell us which movie impressed YOU as most worthy of the title PICTURE OF THE YEAR.

Winner of Christian Herald's contest for PICTURE OF THE YEAR will be announced in the February 1948 issue

(All entries must be received by no later than December 15, 1947)

PLEASE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

most amazing teacher of youth in the civilized world. In Italy, she had four-year-old children writing like high-school students; she had seven-year-old Italians speaking two, three, four languages. The world of education gasped. She lectured all over that world; if she had her way, some thought, she'd have the world's youth all educated and ready to go to work before the teen-age.

It didn't work out quite that way, but today in India, the old teacher is still teaching arithmetic to three-year-olds, algebra at 5, most anything from 8 to 10. She calls it "cosmic education," and it certainly sounds like it.

Somehow, we're glad she didn't teach us. We spent two years at algebra, and we wouldn't know which end of an equation to pick up first, now; but in those years we had a lot of fun, just being kids. Maria Montessori says that "work is necessary" in childhood. Maybe so—but please, not so much of it. So is play necessary. We're glad we weren't geniuses at four years of age. Geniuses at that age don't have much fun.

KOREA: In Korea we have the world conflict in embryo. To understand the conflict and the situation, one must understand that there is actually not one Korea but two. In South Korea the United States has control; U. S. troops are there, eyeing the Russians near their borders. In North Korea the Russian army has created a police state under the absolute control of the Communist party. Russia and the United States watch each other warily here, as they do all over the world.

The Americans have made concession after concession, compromise after compromise in an effort to get along; they insist that the Russians want to exclude all but Communists from the government of Korea (present and future) and that this would impose a minority control on the country. The Russians in turn insist that the Americans are trying to set up a government over all Korea that would include "reactionaries, pro-Japs and traitors," and that such a government would be ruled by a minority. Neither will withdraw so long as the other is there. Stalemate!

Meanwhile the Koreans, the most patient people in the world, wait for the United Nations to decide their fate. But—what can the United Nations do?

CHURCH NEWS

UNION: By all odds, the biggest news of the month is the formal inauguration of the Church of South India, in St. George's Anglican Cathedral at Madras. The new church will bring together a Christian community of 1,200,000; it unites four Anglican dioceses, the



Drawn especially for Christian Herald by F. O. Alexander

APPRAISING THE UNITED NATIONS

South India Provincial Synod of the Methodist Church and the South India United Church (formerly Congregationalists and Presbyterians).

Six hundred representatives of the church witnessed the consecration of fourteen bishops who will guide the new church. Of the fourteen, five were native Indians, seven were Anglicans, three were Congregationalists, two Presbyterians and two Methodists. All this is nothing short of startling, considering the state of the country in which it takes place. Poor India, torn between Moslem and Hindu and with the protection of the British noticeable by its absence, might be the last place in the world in which to look for such unanimity among the churches. But here it is for us to ponder!

We've said before here that in many ways the mission field is years ahead of the home field in the matter of Christian cooperation. We say now that this demonstration of agreement among the followers of Christ may be the leaven sick India needs for her healing. It is the best news to come out of India in long, weary months.

PROGRESS: The whole religious news front seems optimistic this month. Here are just a few of the headlines:

Nearly 11,000 children, or about 91 percent of all the youngsters in Kansas

City, Kansas, are enrolled in the week-day church-school program of this city, conducted in fifty-six Protestant, one Jewish and twelve Roman Catholic centers. Towns and cities worrying about juvenile delinquency, please copy!

Rabbi Liebmann of Boston, author of the best-selling "Peace of Mind," offered a position at New York's famous Temple Emanu-El has declined the offer and decided to stay on in Boston. Preachers and laymen in Boston asked him to do that—and he passed up what must have been a very tempting call to stay among people (Jewish, Catholic, Protestant) who begged him to remain. We need more ministers like this!

In the last three decades, the population of New Hampshire has increased 14.1 percent. In a generation the New Hampshire membership of seven leading Protestant churches has increased nearly 30 percent. Churches are growing twice as fast as the population is increasing.

Recordings of the ABC broadcasts of "The Greatest Story Ever Told," the outstanding radio hit of the year, are now available to schools, churches and other groups for religious teaching and spiritual guidance. The American Broadcasting Company (30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, 20, N. Y.) makes this service available, and it is a great step in religious education.



THE HEROES COME HOME. The "Honda Knot" sails from Honolulu with a cargo of American soldiers slain in the Pacific theatre during World War II.

Among U. S. magazines published in 1945, comic books had the largest circulation, with 147 titles and a circulation of 57,913,000. The 930 religious periodicals were second, with a per issue circulation of 41,716,000.

It's all good news.

POWER: On the Roman Catholic front, we read that all motion picture films shown in Spain, *either privately or publicly*, must be approved by a censorship board in which representatives of the Roman Catholic Church will have complete veto powers. In Austria, a Catholic film commission has been organized; it will work along the lines established by the Legion of Decency in this country.

That's power! Somehow, we don't like it; we wouldn't like it even in the hands of a Protestant commission or censorship board. But it is only another indication of the fact that the Roman Catholics aren't fooling about motion pictures. Such a censorship may outrage our democratic souls, but if Protestantism had one-tenth of the determination to clean up the movies that our Catholic friends have, we'd be getting somewhere.

We like better the demonstration of Catholic power in St. Louis, where Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter is going all the way to enroll Negro students in parochial schools. He is meeting real opposition; the Catholic (white) laity objects; the archbishop fights back with a threat of excommunication—and that is really a threat. It remains to be seen whether it is still potent enough to stop the lay objectors.

From our point of view, the archbishop is one hundred percent right,

and we hope he wins. St. Louis folks will surely write us saying that if we lived there, and faced a situation in which black often outnumbered white in the schools, we'd feel differently about it. But that situation obtains in some New York schools, and we've never had a threat of excommunication over it. It isn't a matter of geography or majorities, it's a case of Christian principle. We wish the archbishop well in his battle for that principle.

LOVE AND LETTERS: That tireless apostle of literacy and love, Frank Laubach, has just won another Kingdom victory, this time in Ethiopia. For some time, Dr. Laubach has been trying to get the language of this country simplified and in primer form for the illiterate masses living under Haile Selassie; he writes now that he has done it.

Going before the Emperor himself, Laubach has discovered a deep interest and enthusiasm on the part of the ruler in what the little missionary is trying to do. Haile Selassie wants all his people to own and read the Bible; he has ordered the purchase of a \$10,000 offset press to speed things along, and he wants a "Story of Jesus" printed immediately after the first grammar is finished.

Laubach won another victory in simplifying the language. There are 231 possible vowel forms in this speech; using it, it would have taken 75 years to make Ethiopia literate. But he convinced the Emperor that he could do the same job in 10 years with a simplified, regularized alphabet—and the Emperor said "Go ahead!" "Now," exults Laubach, "we can make our lessons as easy as rolling off a log."

No man in our times has done a greater missionary job than Frank Laubach; with the club of elementary grammar, he has beaten down the barriers that kept millions from the Kingdom of God.

TEMPERANCE

CURTIS: A score or more letters reached our sanctum, begging us to "say it isn't true." Specifically, they want to know whether it's true that the Curtis Publishing Company has, after all these years, decided to run liquor ads in their publications.

Alas, alack—'tis true. At least it's true insofar as the new magazine called *Holiday* is concerned; *Holiday* will definitely go over on the liquor side. It is rumored from Philadelphia that *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies Home Journal* and *Country Journal*, the other Curtis "Big Three" magazines, will not "for the time being" look for revenue from liquor advertising. Just what that "for the time being" means is anybody's guess.

This may be a feeler, a test being made by Curtis to find out just how the readers will react. *Holiday* is perhaps the safest place for them to try it; this book has quite a different cross-section of readers than the other Curtis publications enjoy. Whatever happens, we're sorry to see it. Losing an old friend is always painful business. We know—production costs are up, and the *Post* has had to go to fifteen cents, and publishers are really up against it for revenue. But, won't this cost Curtis more in the end, in cancelled circulations? We'd like another report on that, in about a year.

ADMIRAL: Admiral Halsey has done the Navy no good, the Army no good, himself no good in his remark (attributed to him in a *Saturday Evening Post* article) that "as a general rule I never trust a fighting man who doesn't smoke or drink." The Methodist Board of Temperance let go at the Admiral with a broadside.

It may be just another exaggeration; Halsey has no very remarkable record as a drinker. What gets us in the whole affair is not the Admiral's alcoholic habits but his ignorance. Has he ever heard of Stonewall Jackson or of Alvin York? They were fairly good fighting men, Admiral. Or we might bring it down to your own war: There was a Britisher named Alexander who stopped the Germans in Egypt, who was not only a teetotaler but a non-smoker as well. He is also said to be fairly well acquainted with the Bible.

Maybe it was just one of the Admiral's bad moments. But he should be careful; he's in a war when he speaks of liquor; just as much as he was on the deck of his flagship.

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Editorially Speaking...

● A REALISTIC CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM'S article in this issue is a realistic Christmas message. It is a call to peace. Also, it is the mature and forthright utterance of a Christian statesman. He considers Russian-American relations with great frankness. He speaks no soft words nor words of fear.

Assuming, first, an adequate program for national defense, he goes on to propose, second, that we make clear to Russia our willingness to accept an honest choice by the peoples of the world based upon relative merits of communist society and of dynamic democracy. Third, that we make clear to the world that the real issue is the free state vs. the police state.

He then proposes that the President choose two plenipotentiaries and send them to Russia to sit with Stalin. Here he names as his choices Secretary of State Marshall and Mr. John Foster Dulles. Finally, the bishop advocates a conference of leaders of public opinion in this country and the fullest exchange with Russia of religious, educational, scientific, artistic and business leaders.

Here is a program that regards honor among nations and offers friendship, a program that would make for understanding and promote in the peace that unity achieved in the war. But if Russia refuses, then what? The Bishop does not dodge the question. The United Nations is his answer—the United Nations with or without Russia.

Here, of course, many and conflicting issues join. Neither the bishop nor those responsible for the United Nations have all the answers, nor can he or they anticipate coming events. But Bishop Oxnam has charted a course where Christian idealism is reconciled with the sternest of realities, while reasonably he refuses to accept war with Russia as the one and only alternative to accepting her plan for world domination. Plainly, Bishop Oxnam is not a pacifist and we are sure that he believes in an integrated program of national security, a program that also would add strength to the United Nations and through the United Nations help make the world secure.

Russia may refuse. On the bishop's plan, as in other matters, she may exercise the veto. But here is a leadership that, if followed, may eventually veto the veto! Finally, we need not abandon the United Nations should Russia or any other nation withdraw from it. We could still give comfort to all free peoples and to all who would be free.

Bishop Oxnam has presented an alternative to fear. Alike to dictators and war-mongers, his words are an ultimatum, but also, to all peoples in this Christmas season, they are words of friendliness and peace.

● FOOD TO WIN THE PEACE

THE appeals of President Truman and of Secretary of State Marshall to save food were heard or read by all Americans. Those appeals are now supported by the overwhelming majority of our people. We know that "Save Food" is significantly more than a call to feed the hungry. It is the toxin of Freedom. It is the alarm-call of democracy. Famine hangs like a dark cloud over Europe today. Starvation on a scale never before known in the world is at the door. God pity America if there are any Americans left who believe that we can save ourselves without doing our sacrificial best to help save these others!

We know now that we cannot continue to fatten in a starving world without coming presently upon something worse than hunger. A great daily newspaper has said editorially: "We must save grain. We must save meat. We must save the peace. We must save ourselves." The spirit of humanity, the Christian ethic and the law of self-preservation unite to challenge America to help feed the world.

As we approach the Christmas season let us give not only to those who are of our own households and to our fellow-citizens, but from our relative abundance let us give to men, women and little children everywhere in the earth. A hungry world would presently become an unreasoning mob. There may be those who wait for that. Perhaps there are those who would rejoice to hear the cry of the mob and who would welcome famine as their ally. But they are not the friends of freedom, nor are they friends of America.

The Secretary of State has said that our foreign policy has entered the American home and taken a seat at the family table. There was a time—how brief the interval!—when our foreign policy entered our homes not only to take a seat at the table but to take our sons from that table and send them to the valleys of Europe, the deserts of North Africa, the islands of the Pacific and across all the seas. So many of them have not returned. May we not hope that if from the family table now we take portions of our bread and meat, sacrificial portions, and send them where our children went to win the war, food from America will help win the peace and again save freedom?

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD

Portrait of a Preacher Going Places

If the World Alliance Baptists can just keep up with their new prexy, they will find themselves traveling not merely fast but far!

By

HARRY R. WILSON

and **PAUL TREDWAY**



Back from abroad, Dr. Johnson walks briskly towards home-front problems.

THE Third Baptist Church in St. Louis sits right in the center of the city's gaily-lighted theatrical district. Next door, so close the buildings almost touch, is one of the largest movie houses in town. Down the street is the largest. Most churches in such a location would be blandly ignored by their neighbors. But the men who sell entertainment on St. Louis' Grand Boulevard look with frank envy on the capacity audiences which flock to the church of Dr. C. Oscar Johnson, the new president of the Baptist World Alliance.

The titular head of 15,000,000 Baptists in 50 nations is a powerful, 250-pound man with a voice that would shame a top sergeant. At the age of 61 he has lost none of the restless drive which has made his church the biggest in the Northern Baptist Conference and its pastor the best-known Protestant minister in the Middle West.

A good indication of Dr. Johnson's standing in his community is the

extent of his radio popularity. He dominates the St. Louis air-lanes on Sunday mornings the way Jack Benny and Fred Allen do in the evenings. More people listen to his 45-minute radio sermons than to those of any other clergyman.

THE packed pews in Dr. Johnson's church and the size of his radio audiences are a tribute both to what he says and how he says it. He is one of the most eloquent orators in the American pulpit. He gets three times as many invitations to speak as he can accept. His efforts to accommodate at least some of his admirers keep him hopping from coast to coast whenever he can spare time from his Third Baptist Church.

Dr. Johnson made a typical cross-country sprint a few weeks before he left for the Baptist Congress in Copenhagen, Denmark. He hurried to the St. Louis airport after Sunday evening services, flew to Oklahoma City to speak at a church there, and rushed to New York to attend two church board meetings. Then he bounced back across the United States, stopping long enough to speak in Syracuse, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles and San Francisco. A dash to St. Louis and his pulpit ended the trip the following Sunday.

The Third Baptist's pastor does this sort of thing week after week without running down. In 1933, when he was president of the Northern Baptist Convention, he travelled 42,000 miles in four months and spoke before 80,000 people.

The enduring voice which makes all this possible deserted him only once. He was benched for seven months in 1939 after addressing an open-air meeting of 2500 St. Louis Negro Baptists. When Dr. Johnson woke up the next morning he had no voice at all. He had a slight

inflammation of the throat when he began his sermon and overtaxed his vocal chords making himself heard. While Dr. Johnson was convalescing, three Negro congregations held all-night prayer meetings for his recovery.

The Negro has few more ardent champions in the Baptist Church than Tennessee-born C. Oscar Johnson. He labors tirelessly in church and educational groups for a square deal for the colored man. Negroes always are welcome at Third Baptist Church. Once a year Dr. Johnson relinquishes his pulpit to a representative of a Negro Baptist theological seminary at Kansas City who appeals for funds. As a member of St. Louis' Board of Education, Dr. Johnson argues persuasively for better educational facilities for Negroes.

An incident at the recent Baptist Congress illustrates Dr. Johnson's attitude toward the Negro. Dr. Marshall Shepard of Philadelphia, chairman of the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention, U. S. A., said white American delegates had complained about Negro delegates staying in the same Copenhagen hotels. Dr. Shepard threatened to call upon 4,000,000 U. S. Negro Baptists to quit the World Alliance.

Dr. Johnson promptly made amends. He emphasized that the Alliance does not recognize any distinction of color, that no Negro was turned away from any hotel, and that the white delegates who asked that they be segregated had no right to do so.

THE Baptist leader is the sort of man who would rather plunge head first into a cold swimming pool than ease himself in slowly. He demonstrated this forthright approach during the Congress. He arrived at Copenhagen deeply impressed by the dismal plight of war-

wrecked Europe. As soon as he was elected president of the Alliance he set out to do something about it. He called on Northern and Southern Baptist conventions to set aside their differences and work together on a world relief program. And he asked Baptists and church people everywhere to join them. He feels that the various denominations, working as one, can be far more effective than they are.

Press accounts of Dr. Johnson's remarks in Copenhagen gave the impression he was calling for complete unity of Northern and Southern Baptists. This was not what he meant. He was referring only to a unified relief drive. Later he hopes to heal the split that came with the Civil War.

Dr. Johnson is deadly serious about the importance of sending aid abroad. "The first duty of churches today," he says, "is to try to save lives." He adds that he, like many Americans, didn't realize how desperate was Europe's plight until he saw it with his own eyes.

The World Alliance will pay special attention to the Baptist minorities in nations where there is a state church or a state-dominated church. Dr. Johnson points out that Baptists in those countries are not getting as much aid as the members of the majority church.

While working to save lives, Dr. Johnson does not forget that the church must also save souls. Returning from Copenhagen, he predicted that "the Christian church is going all-out for evangelism." Europe, he says, will get spiritual as well as material help.

Most Baptists will be satisfied if Dr. Johnson does as well as an international evangelist as he has at home. He never forgets his evangelistic duties. Strangers he meets know within a few minutes that the big man with the rugged face welcomes new members at his church.

A policeman who once directed traffic outside Third Baptist is a convert of Dr. Johnson's. So is the waitress in a nearby restaurant where he sometimes eats. So are many people who heard him on the radio. By personal evangelism like this, he has almost doubled the size of his congregation. There were 3500 members when he came to St. Louis in 1931. Today there are 6300, although the city's residential districts have moved even farther from the church. The Third Baptist was expanded once to keep up with its congregation. Now its members plan to spend \$450,000 on greater enlargement.

Dr. Johnson is, without question, the most potent figure on busy Grand Boulevard. The moral tone of the street isn't as high as he would like. But it compares more than favorably with theatrical centers in other cities. Films of questionable taste seldom turn up in cinemas near Third Baptist Church.

(Continued on page 73)



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Journey into Christmas

By BESS STREETER ALDRICH

MARGARET STALEY stood at her library window looking out at the familiar elms and the lace-vine arbor. Tonight the trees were snow-crusted, the arbor a thing of crystal filigree under the Christmas stars.

Some years the Midwest stayed mild all through December, donning its snowsuit only after the holidays. But tonight was a Christmas Eve made to order, as though Nature had supervised the designing and decorating of a silvered stage setting.

Margaret Staley visualized all this perfection, but she knew that the very beauty of the scene brought into sharper contrast the fact that for the first time in her life she was alone on Christmas Eve.

For fifty-nine Christmases she had been surrounded by the people she loved. On this sixtieth, there was no one. For not one of her four children was coming home.

She could remember reading a story like that once, about a mother who was disappointed that no one was coming—and then, just at dusk on Christmas Eve, all the children and their families arrived together to surprise her. But that was a sentimental piece of fiction; this was cold reality.

The reasons for none of the four coming were all good. Three of the reasons were, anyway, she admitted

reluctantly. Calling the roll she went over—for the hundredth time—the reasons why each could not make the trip.

Don. That was understandable. Don and Janet, his wife, and young Ralph in California could not be expected to come half way across the continent every year, and they had been here last Christmas. She herself had visited them the past summer, returning as late as September.

Ruth. Ruth was her career daughter, connected with a children's hospital and vitally important to her post. Long ago she had accepted the fact that Ruth could give her only the fragments from a busy life and never had she begrudged it; she had, indeed, felt vicari-

(Continued on page 54)

Illustrator:
JACK SALE



Surrounded by Morristown kids is Police Chief Fred Roff who says there "are no bad boys."

What's a Juvenile Delinquent?

IN MORRISTOWN, N. J., THEY WOULDN'T KNOW; FOR IN THIS CITY THE COPS AND THE KIDS, BY WORKING TOGETHER, HAVE CUT YOUTHFUL OFFENSES TO NEAR-ZERO

BY DOUGLAS WOOD GIBSON

FRED ROFF, the genial police chief of Morristown, New Jersey, admits there's such a thing as juvenile delinquency but he personally doesn't know any juvenile delinquents. "There's no such thing as a bad boy," he'll tell you earnestly. And in Morristown he has just about proved his case. "Somebody had to do the job," he says, "and we did it."

Youthful vandalism is virtually a thing of the past in this historic town only thirty-odd miles from New York. Rape and murder are just things you read about in the newspaper headlines of other towns. Under the Roff system, juvenile crimes of all descriptions have dropped from a few dozen a year to a mere handful.

He wouldn't call it a system himself. He calls it merely intelligent leadership and guidance, and says that any town can put it into practice. With

perhaps undue modesty he takes little credit for himself but attributes Morristown's remarkable moral spotlessness to the mayor, Clyde Potts, to his police force (its ranks total twenty-four, all told, including himself and two detectives) and, lastly, to the boys of Morristown themselves.

Yet, when you are ushered into the chief's presence in the little marble building in the heart of Morristown, you know you are talking to a remarkable man. If his inspired words don't tell you, there is other evidence around the room. On one wall you will see a specially inscribed scroll presented by the New Jersey State Senate, thanking Police Officer Roff for his services to the people of New Jersey. (He is a past president of the New Jersey Association of Chiefs of Police.) And over in the corner is a photograph of the chief shaking hands with President Truman

and being congratulated for the good work done by the International Association of Chiefs of Police (of which Chief Roff was president last year).

Yes, the chief gets around. He has delivered more than 100 talks before the Rotary, Lions and other men's clubs throughout the country. But his heart is firmly in Morristown, there he has been part and parcel of the town's police force for thirty-one years. And it is of Morristown that he wants to speak. It is Morristown that has been the incubator for his pet ideas and has thrived under his stirring leadership.

WHEN the chief speaks, he speaks straight from the shoulder and, if an occasional grammatical error slips into his speech, it does not diminish the force or sincerity of his words.

"We learned the people of Morristown," he says, "that the policeman

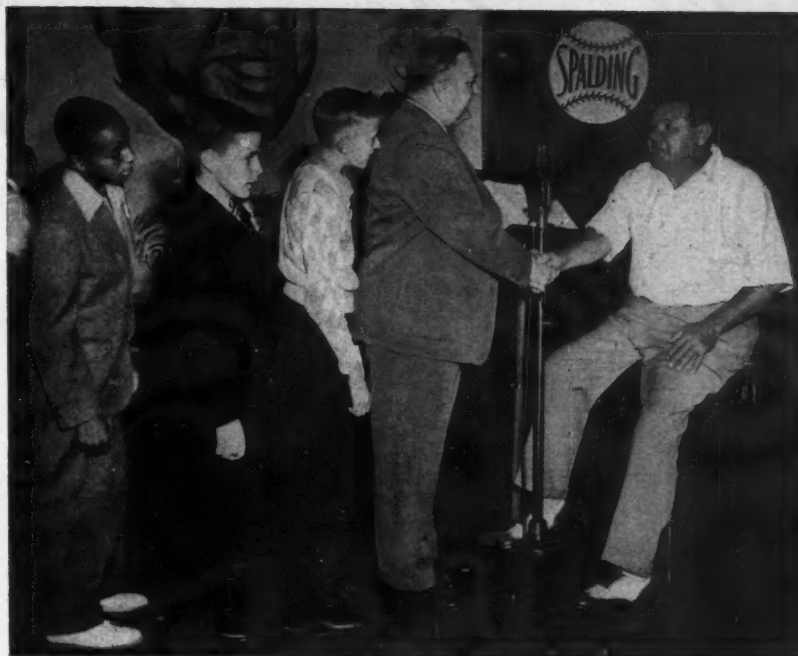
can be the boys' friend. There was an appalling amount of delinquency going on. Nobody seemed to care, nobody did anything about it. So we policemen decided to do something about it. Maybe the police are only supposed to catch crooks and not worry about crime prevention, but I don't think so. I think the police can be a great constructive force for good in any community."

The plan began a few years ago when Morristown, like many other towns, had experienced an unusual amount of malicious mischief and destruction of property by some of the town's youth. Both private and public property suffered damage and, in particular, some of Morristown's finest and most expensive playgrounds were targets of vandalism.

PLAYGROUND apparatus was mangled and damaged beyond repair, and small sheds and buildings were destroyed by fire. Morristown's older generation — like adults everywhere — was puzzled, and could not understand why children would destroy property set up for their own pleasure and recreation. The usual remedies did not work, even though the children were dragged into court and their parents often forced to pay for the damage.

Cold police methods could have caused the arrest of a few of the boys and made a dreadful example of them by severe punishment and institutionalization. But the chief, who had been thinking the problem over, was not interested in punishment. He was interested in preventing the recurrence of these acts, and in saving and redeeming the boys who were responsible for them.

One day in 1942 Chief Roff and



Chief Roff and his boys shake hands with Babe Ruth after a broadcast.

Mayor Potts called in twelve of the ringleaders from one section of town where the destruction had been most rife. There was no criticism and no blame. The boys were told that these were their playgrounds for their own use, which seemed almost like a new thought to some of them. They were told a little bit about democracy too, and about their older brothers who were fighting for it abroad. The two officials convinced the boys that it was up to them to help uphold democracy and fair play at home. This latter statement presented them with another new

thought. Both citizens and police, the chief emphasized, were in urgent need of the boys' cooperation.

This momentous meeting in the municipal building was successful beyond the chief's fondest dreams. The boys not only agreed to cooperate, but also they volunteered to police the entire area in which they lived and assume responsibility for the public and private property in their neighborhood.

(Continued on page 80)



Above: A new member of the Morristown Police Junior Legion of Honor admires his certificate and wears his badge.

Left: As part of their education in better citizenship, the boys attend a mock trial and listen attentively to the judge.

New Glory for Old Glory

AND the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said, But I was free-born" (Acts 22:28). The proud boast by the captain who held Paul prisoner reflects the ancient and mistaken idea that freedom can be bought or sold, conferred or withdrawn. Paul's confident reply that he was free-born, that his freedom was a matter of birth-right, shows an understanding that rests on much higher principles.

As I write, there is speeding across America a vehicle which aims to dramatize for us our American heritage. It is called the "Freedom Train." Loaded with such important documents of liberty as the Bill of Rights, the Emancipation Proclamation and the Declaration of Independence, this train will travel some 29,000 miles and visit 300 principal cities of the United States during the current year. Already hundreds of thousands have boarded the Freedom Train, poring over its precious documents and thrilling with a new understanding of our heritage; in the forthcoming months millions more will be inspired as they inspect the train's precious cargo.

If they are at all sensitive to the message these documents convey from across the years, such visitors may hear whispers from the past. There will be voices from Valley Forge whispering, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." There will be whispers from Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, from Trenton and Princeton, aye, and from Mount Vernon and Monticello, "We paid a great price for this freedom."

Perhaps these whispers will never be heard. If they were, it would be amazing how many voices would join in and from what widely scattered parts of the country and from what distant lands the message would come.

One thing is clear, the freedom purchased by our forefathers was not paid for in one down payment. Installments have been kept up for more than two lifetimes, for this is one possession that exacts a perpetual price.

There is a danger then in your sitting back smugly applauding when the

Sermon of the Month by Peter Marshall

flag is thrown upon the movie screen, puffing yourself up with pride as you boast of America. For you were free-born.

Unless you have lived in other lands, unless you have known hunger and persecution, unless you have come as an immigrant to this good land, you have absolutely no idea how good it is. You cannot fully appreciate its blessings. Nor can you truly be grateful, since you have no conception of what it means to be without all the things you take for granted.

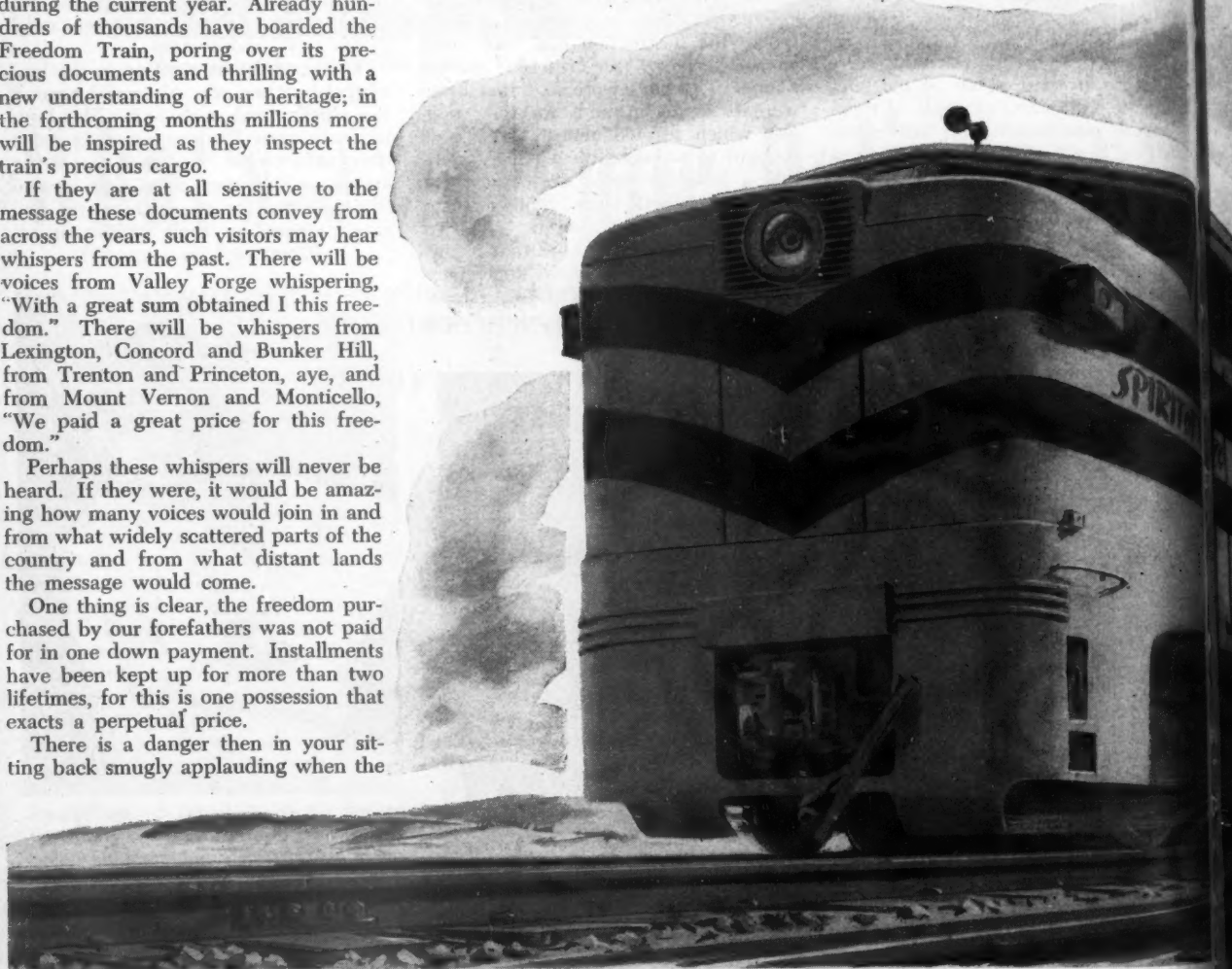
You have never known anything else. It is because they who went before you

were willing to stake their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, that you have what you now enjoy.

But you forget how bitterly it was won. You forget how great a price was paid. This is, indeed, a land of plenty. But that does not mean that we have a right to waste our resources.

The story of the waste of this country's riches is a sad story of greed and selfishness. Surely freedom does not mean that people can do as they like with the country's resources. Such resources are the heritage of the whole nation, and should be conserved and utilized for the benefit of all our people.

There is, however, a higher concept of freedom, higher than something that can be conferred or withdrawn, higher than something that is an accident of birth, and that is that freedom is an endowment of every human soul.



This was the great idea that nurtured the young Republic struggling to be born in 1776. It seems to be forgotten or ignored today, but history proves that the inspiration of this fundamental idea of our democratic faith came from the deep spiritual reservoirs of our religious heritage.

The source of democracy is Christianity, and liberty comes from God. This teaching is as old as the Bible. The Word of God declares that if a nation is to live it must depend on God; and if it refuses, it will die.

Our Pilgrim forefathers believed this truth, for the first thing they did in America was to dedicate their venture to God. The Mayflower Compact, the first civil document drawn up on our shores, acknowledges God thus:

"In the name of God, amen. We, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic."

Later, we find the compacts and



charters of all the early colonies giving a very definite place to God. No better statement of the relationship of God to government is found anywhere than in the great law of Pennsylvania, which was passed December 7, 1682. This document said:

"The glory of Almighty God, and the good of mankind, is the reason and end of government, and, therefore, government in itself is a venerable ordinance of God."

Notice these two ideals: Government is for God's glory and is ordained by Him. Is it not true that we as a nation have largely forgotten these ideals today? We have government "of the people, by the people, for the people." But we lack a government of the people of God by God.

Many examples might be cited from colonial history to show the close relationship which existed between God and the Government of that day. In the Declaration of Independence, the framers of that noble document three times emphasized God's part in their struggle for independence. The Declaration closed, "With a firm reliance upon the protection of divine providence."

This was a statement of the firm conviction that prevailed in the minds and hearts of the founding fathers.

It is strange, and I believe tragic, that the Constitution makes no reference to God. It was not a perfect document, as all the amendments prove. It took nineteen years to insert the first ten amendments, which are known as the Bill of Rights. Public criticism and the grumbling of the men who had fought for freedom finally forced the Congress to make constitutional provision for the rights of men, but no amendment has yet acknowledged the rights of God.

Many efforts have been made at different times to introduce such an amendment, but there has been opposition and indifference, so to this good day the Constitution of our country ignores the principles upon which our country was founded.

Forty-three of our States have already written into their constitutions vague religious acknowledgments. All make some reference to a higher power, but not one State honors Jesus Christ.

Christ said: "He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent Him." And He said again: "All authority has been given unto Me in heaven and earth."

God can be honored only through His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. All pious, vague affirmations about God as the Supreme Being, etc., are vain unless supreme honor is specifically given to Jesus Christ. (Continued on page 76)

Grandma Moses

Painters are born—but not usually at age 76, as was the case with this fine old lady whose art you will be admiring on hundreds of Christmas cards this year.



ANYONE can paint. It's really very simple: you just have to "get about doing it." That's the advice of Anna Mary Robertson Moses, the little old New England farm lady affectionately known as Grandma Moses.

Grandma Moses should know. By following her own advice she has achieved nation-wide fame as one of our best-known contemporary artists and a leading American "Primitive," even though she began only ten years ago—and at 76, an age when most people have retired. Her paintings are sought by leading collectors. Her scenes of Americana and farm life land in leading galleries, and her pictures have appeared on the covers of several popular magazines. And this year they will appear on Christmas cards—a complete new series created from several of her prominent paintings selected by the makers of Hallmark greeting cards.

Grandma Moses likes to make light of her art, and doesn't quite understand all the fuss about her paintings. But collectors gather her paintings in readily, and she has orders for all she can paint. Because her work stems from the heart it appeals to many walks of life. The nostalgic charm of American subjects such as Thanksgiving, the Christmas tree and farm scenes are portrayed by Grandma Moses with a simple and faithful skill which strikes a familiar chord in so many.

Grandma Moses was born on a farm near Greenwich, N. Y. She spent 50 years running a farm

house and doing the regular chores that are the lot of farmers' wives. She was an expert at making butter and preserves, and often won prizes at the county fair.

When she was 76, she became so afflicted with arthritis that she could no longer carry on her farm work. Unable to sit still with nothing to do, she started making colored yarn pictures on burlap. Then, to her dismay, she discovered that moths love burlap and were destroying her handiwork. A younger sister asked her why she didn't *paint* her pictures. She thought that was worth trying, so she went to the barn and got several colors of wagon paint and some pieces of builder's board, and started in.

For several years nobody paid any attention to her pictures, but she was having fun painting scenes from her bedroom window and those remembered from childhood. Then one day a New Yorker saw her paintings and bought a few of them. He brought them to New York City where her first "one-man show" took place. It was a great success. Galleries and museums bought the pictures for their collections, amazed that anyone, without training or even an interest in art until she was 76, could have such a remarkable understanding of color and such a wonderful skill for putting her thoughts on canvas.

At 87, Grandma Moses is still sitting at her window happily painting away, not only making a wonderful contribution to art, but forever proving the age-old adage, "You are never too old to learn!"

What the Heart Knows

By MARGARET HALL SMITH

THREE country men and a boy entered the noisy town together. The shepherd and his older sons had been to market many times, but never before had ten-year-old Timothy left the Judean hills.

"Amuse yourself, Tim," said the shepherd. "We'll pick you up later."

The boy walked along the teeming streets, turning his head this way and that, his eyes never still. Merchants from distant countries were there, and traders from as far as Egypt. The richness of their clothes amazed Tim. The splendor of their wares was beyond belief. Voices rose and fell as the language of strange tongues intermingled. It was music to his ears. Here was a scene out of some magic land, something he had tried to imagine in the wide-eyed hours of many a night.

As the boy wandered from stall to stall, he came to the donkey mart. There he watched the stubborn beasts being brought out for inspection, and with many a quiet chuckle he listened to the keen bargaining. This was what he loved, and here he felt completely at home; for Josephus, the keeper of the stall, was a friend of the family.

Tired at last of the haggling, Tim wandered back of the sheds to the rear of the yard. There he saw a small donkey lying quietly on the ground.

"Josephus," he called, "what's the matter with this one?"

"Lame leg," said the keeper.

Tim knelt beside the animal and stroked its dark head. The soft brown eyes looked appealingly into the child's and won his heart instantly. Tim knew what it was to be lonely. It was a dreadful feeling.

A step on the ground made the boy look up. An Egyptian stood beside him, a trader, dressed in rich garments that spoke of wealth and position. But there was a gentleness about his eyes and a smile upon his lips that conveyed friendliness.

"What's the matter with him?" the Egyptian said softly.

The boy hesitated. "Josephus here says it's his leg."

At that moment Josephus himself came up behind them. "It's his right

leg, sir. It's weak. He followed his mother, and we let him come along."

"His mother! Where is she now?" exclaimed Tim, springing to his feet.

"Sold her this morning."

"O-h, he'll die without his mother!" and the boy sank to the ground again. He put his arm around the dark head and drew it to him tenderly. Tim knew how the little donkey felt, for Tim too had lost his mother.

Suddenly the keeper's eyes brightened. "How would you like to have him, boy?"

"Me? You will give him to me?"

The keeper shrugged. "Why not?" He spread out his hands, palms up, and raised his eyebrows. "Take him along. Nobody's going to pay good money for that specimen."

The keeper walked away. The Egyptian was examining the donkey's leg with gentle, practiced fingers.

"Look here!" he said, and put the boy's hand on the donkey's hind leg. "A weak tendon. Feel that? We can strengthen it with bandaging."

"Then he'll live?"

"Of course, he'll live! Run and get me a cloth."

The boy leapt to his feet. "Here, sir," he exclaimed. "I'll tear off the hem of my tunic."

TIM watched closely while the firm hands moved round and round, pulling the cloth tight. When he had finished, the man rose and pulled the donkey to its feet. The animal swayed a moment, then stood still.

"Thank you, sir. Oh, thank you!"

The trader touched the dark curls. "I have a boy of my own," he said. "Just keep the bandage tight, and exercise him a little each day. Feed him well, and he'll be all right."

"Oh, yes, sir." Tim's face was like a beam of light.

"What have you got there, little one?" called a tall, gruff man with kindly eyes. It was Luke, one of Tim's brothers.

"It's a donkey."

"Looks more like a dog by the size of him," remarked Jonas, the other brother with a loud laugh. (Turn to page 68)



WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR...

Did you think The Star was meant just for the Magi and the Shepherds, just for that one night alone? Ah, no! God hung it there against the ages; it is for all of us. Its radiance enfolds us all, knowing no bound of creed, color or servitude. It guides the aged home; it is reflected in the eyes of babes, generation after generation, and in the eyes of mothers seeking in their babes the countenance of Christ. All, all of us are come once more under the spell of The Star, come to take new hope in peace and the Prince of Peace!







The

YOU cannot say exactly on what day of the year Christmas will begin for you. Autumn passes, but it seems too soon to think of winter; Thanksgiving is a rich page read and turned. We go about our usual business, and suddenly within us we feel a quickening and a warmth, an overflowing of good will to all the world. Then we know that for us Christmas has begun.

Christmas began for me very early this morning when I was awakened by hearing someone below my open window tapping on our front door. No one in the house was up yet, so no one was answering the knocking. Then I heard that dear dark voice which all of us in this house love, calling out from her window.

"Jes one minute . . . wait'll I git on mah wrapper. Who is you down there anyway, honey?"

I chuckled to myself a moment at this greeting, so characteristic of our Lillian. "She doesn't know who it is," I thought to myself. "But she is sure that, *whoever* it is, it is 'honey'!" Then I stopped fondly chuckling to myself. For a quiet wing of gratitude and love spread over me, and I realized that this which I had just overheard is what is really meant by those ancient words, "Good will toward men." Good will to all men, *whoever* they are, seen or unseen to us.

And that was the beginning of Christmas for us.

Some years it has not come to me in such a blessed way. Some years, I am sorry to say, I have accepted the world's counterfeit of Christmas. I have admitted, almost reluctantly, that I have begun Christmas by feeling the weight of making lists, of shopping and budgeting and trying to do the best I pos-



Christmas Within

sibly could for each name, as if it were some inescapable duty.

"I love Christmas," I have said petulantly to myself, "but it certainly is a lot of work. This year I wish somebody else could take charge of it."

But even as I said that, I had already made the compromise. I had unwillingly pushed open the door which lets in the rush and crush of festivity.

When we think of Christmas as a hurrying and scurrying about on errands, however dear, we are preparing the Inn but neglecting the Manger. We are decking the Inn and crowding it so full of festivity and merriment that there will be no room for the real meaning to be born. And we shall lose our individual Christmas in fun and gift-giving, defrauded by the husks and the weary tinsel.

For the Inn which seemed so important and pretentious that Night has been erased to dust, while the Manger has survived the centuries and re-created the world with its import. So, in our own private individual history which always patterns the history of mankind itself, our Inns will crumble, and only our blessed manglers survive.

THE world today is crowded as it never was before with outwardness, with all the paraphernalia and mechanism of living and getting and having. It is crowded on the outside—and is bleakly, terrifyingly empty within. Human beings are engaged in pushing around many times their own weight of matter—clothes, luggage, cars, books, house-furnishings. They are strained and tense with the frantic business of treasuring or coveting or displaying lumps and chunks of dead materialism. Sometimes it feels as if we were all in invisible harness, wearily dragging our

heavy fortunateness from place to place, trying to enjoy it the way the advertisements promised we should. Or it is as if we were little puppets made to run and dance and toil at the beck and call of material possessions, which we either have or yearn to have.

Christmas added to this world of outside experience is really only one more burden laid on our bent backs. Christmas, with its plethora of grimacing gifts

Christmas is a still small voice that speaks to the heart as quietly as the Child was born on a silent, holy night. When we are getting ready for Christmas, let us make sure that what we are taking care of are the "preparations of the heart." For only the heart can really celebrate Christmas. The inner heart is the only place fit for entertaining that meaning which could turn our earth to heaven if we would allow it.

Our danger in the hurry and scurry of the Yuletide is that we shall "prepare the Inn but neglect the Manger!"

By

MARGARET LEE
RUNBECK

ILLUSTRATOR
ISABEL DAWSON

and opulent food and simpering printed cards to be addressed, is only one more mockery, promising peace and giving us only tiredness.

For Christmas cannot be added to the outside, if it is to be really Christmas. Christmas must come to us from within, and must be an inner event, for it is part of that kingdom of God which is within us—that kingdom for want of which the present world, shut out and glutted with its own mocking treasures, is quickly driving itself to distraction.

SO Christmas is to be celebrated in the kingdom within. It cannot approach us as something added from the external world. But here the wonderful paradox occurs. For the promise reads, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." When Christmas does begin and does reign from within, there materializes around us a wonderful holiday season, visible and touchable—added unto us for all who know us to share.

You have known such good Christmases, when every candle in the heart was lighted with love for those close at hand, and good will for those unseen and unknown. You can count them for yourself, and it is well to do so, for the good Christmases of the past can build this present one for you, out of its own true essence.

What made those Christmases real and good can also make this one, since those ingredients, being spiritual, do not fade with time. The persons who sat around the table then may be gone now. But the love which brought them there is as powerful today as it ever was, and it has the same drawing and warming and holding power. If you let it operate in your life, it will bring you always a full circle, filling in the emptinesses when they occur—not replacing what is lost, of course, but pro-

viding new opportunity for widened discovery and ample loving.

I remember my own best Christmas, sprinkled across the years—one at a bedside when Love seemed such a visible presence that there was simply no room for suffering. I remember another when three of us who had gone through a year of deep water had our Christmas Eve a week before the world celebrated it, because we were so full of happiness and gratitude that we simply could not wait for any calendar. I remember how we lighted the candles on a rather frugal little tree, and sang carols, and gave gifts of beautiful passages which had helped us through the year. A big magnificent holiday was celebrated by all of us a week later, but we knew which had been the real one.

I REMEMBER Miss Boo's first Christmas gift to me, a wisp of a curl mounted on the purple velvet of a jeweler's leather ring box, with a tiny card which said, "I made this for you myself."

I remember our very latest Christmas, last year; when we invited more people than our table could comfortably hold, and had the most rollicking day imaginable. We tried to keep the list down to normal, but last year seemed a time when we knew many persons who were separated momentarily from their own homes. So the list kept growing, name by name, and the estimated turkey kept expanding, pound by pound.

First of all, of course, we invited Miss Boo's current school teacher, and then naturally we *had* to add her last year's teacher because she too was a long way from home. ("At this rate," we said, "we'll have a teacher for every year, like candles on a birthday cake." "But that'll only be twelve," Miss Boo said blandly, "and then I'll go away to college.")

We invited a high-ranking Air Force officer, who was just beginning to "come back to life" after a terrific war experience. He said he was bringing back with him only the things God had created in him, because everything else had been killed—and all of him would have died if God hadn't protected him.

We invited a musician who had lost his only son in the war, and was in the process of discovering that the world is full of other sons who need the kind of father he is.

We asked a stranger who had lately come to America. We knew very little about her, except that she mustn't be allowed to be lonely. After we had talked a bit to her, we could see she never would have been lonely in any circumstance, because she was one of those about whom the Welsh say "they carry on a conversation with God in their hearts."

She had been dumped into this country by what turned out to be a dishonest motive on someone else's part. But as

Faith is Bunk!

By GLENN STEWART

HE prides himself on being a very practical man. Certainly, he has been very successful in business. He likes to tell the reasons for his success, and he enumerated some of them before a group of his peers.

"It seems to me," said one of the group, "that you have overlooked faith."

"Bosh!" he exclaimed. "Faith is bunk. A thing either is or it isn't. I believe only in the things you can see."

We wondered. We knew a little about the man and his affairs. He had done all of the following things in the week just past:

He had pressed a light switch without checking up to see if the power company's generators were still running, or if the wires leading into his house were down.

He had stepped on the starter of his car without wondering if there was juice in the battery or gas in the tank.

He had told the station attendant to put in five gallons without asking the city sealer to stand by and measure the exact amount.

He had drunk from a public drinking fountain without demanding a water analysis.

He had made a deposit in his bank. He had taken a note from a friend who said he would pay in six months. He had bought a government bond which would not mature for 10 years—and this is an age of atom bombs.

He had ordered a \$10,000 insurance policy paid to his widow or children without a thought as to whether it would really be paid without him there to supervise it.

He had dialed a telephone number without wondering if he would get any of the several thousand other subscribers on the exchange.

He had told his broker to sell a certain stock when it hit 61 without worrying that the broker would really wait until it hit 65 and pocket the difference.

He had accepted chairmanship of a community chest drive, knowing that the goal was 30% higher than it had ever been before. "We can do it!" he had said in a stirring kick-off speech.

He had ridden in his office elevator a dozen times without once thinking that the power would fail or a cable break.

He had dropped a letter in a mail slot. It never occurred to him that the letter might be lost or stolen or destroyed.

He had been vaccinated because of a smallpox scare.

But, says he, faith is bunk. He is a very practical man.

soon as she found out that it was not what it had promised to be, she separated herself from it, even though it meant giving up a necessary salary. For a few days she seemed to be in a strange country without a home, without any work, and with no friends.

But there is a verse in Proverbs (18:16) to which she clung as a literal promise: "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men."

She understood this to mean that if she employed the qualities which God had given her—intelligence, brotherliness, fearlessness, etc.—those would place her in her own environment, and surround her with admirable persons.

She began exercising these "gifts" constructively; she kept herself employed every hour expressing friendliness and helpfulness, magnifying every opportunity and discovering occasions for services where a self-absorbed person would never have guessed such things could be. She brought so much joy and loveliness to our Christmas table that one saw the Proverb in visible action, and knew that inevitably she *would* be in that "room" and before those "great men."

Through the year since our dinner together, the most amazing things have come to pass for this young woman. She has been given a succession of homes, in this area of acute housing shortages—houses to occupy, apartments to care for while owners were absent. And now she has her own apartment with a room in it which she is sharing with anyone who needs it, as a token of her gratitude. During this year, she has been given several vacations; but the best and the loveliest development of all is that she had found wonderful work. She was given an audition and then was appointed soloist in one of the largest churches in her city—and that is a city which abounds in competing musicians.

THESE are the persons who sat around our Christmas table with us last year. We had no real house ourselves, but we pushed back the walls of our inner home with gratitude and laughter. We had no hearth nor any fireplace, but we hung bulging gift-filled stockings along the holly-decked staircase, one for each of us. We were a strange "family" gathered at that table, and yet we probably were the best kind of family there is, for we all knew ourselves as brothers because we know our Father.

Twilight came and the candles burned low and there was happiness for all of us, because the real Christmas was being celebrated, not in a small makeshift house, among people who were almost strangers . . . Christmas was being celebrated in the only place fit to know it: in the kingdom within.

THE END

Dear Santa Claus

By
PAUL W. KEARNEY

"DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

This Christmas I would like you to bring me a small camera, a ring with a November birthstone, a make-up kit, and some games. Happy Christmas! From an old friend, MARGARET M——, Ward B-52."

YOU'VE seen plenty of such letters to Santa from a child. What makes this one different is the word "Over" at the bottom of the sheet in a more mature hand. On the back a nurse has written: "Very sick; in a cast up to her waist; gangrene." In short, little Margaret's days are numbered.

This is a sample of over 600 letters written to Santa Claus every year by little shut-ins at a Brooklyn hospital. The idea started ten years ago in a gift shop run by two sisters, Clare and Ann Graeffe. Among their patrons are many nurses from the huge Kings County Hospital nearby. In a chance conversation one of the nurses, buying Christmas decorations, told of the annual party they give for their hundreds of less-privileged children.

With one exception it was quite an affair. All the kids get ice cream, cookies and candies—plus turkey on their dinner plates. The main show is staged in the schoolroom on the roof, and all the kids who can walk or be transported attend. A huge tree and festive decorations accentuate the spirit of the season. Volunteer performers, including magicians, jugglers, trained dogs and cartoonists, provide the entertainment; a choir of student nurses sing. But the climax comes when one of the doctors, dressed as Santa Claus, emerges from behind the tree to distribute the gifts which friends and relatives have sent.

Then Santa visits the wards, each gaily decorated and with its own tree, to pass out whatever he has for the bed-ridden, who are bursting with expectancy. And right there was the catch.

More than half of these kids had nobody to send them presents. Many had been in the hospital from three to 12 years. The parents of a number of others never even come to see them.

You can see what a desolate Christmas such kids would have. It was here that the gift-shop sisters clicked. "Look," they said, "why don't you have each of these children write a letter to Santa Claus? Bring them to us and we'll give them to customers we know. Give us plenty of time and we'll do the rest."

The letters were piled up near the cash register. And as each sales girl
(Continued on page 88)



ILLUSTRATOR
HAZEL HOECKER

Black Sheep, White Sheep

WHETHER or not the doctor had found Terry and got his gun away from him, the dominie had no way of knowing, but since the next morning dawned calm and peaceful with no more hurry calls from up on the Hill, he assumed that all was well. Aggie was having her weekly orgy of Saturday cleaning in the parsonage, so he decided to escape to his study in the church to go over his notes for tomorrow's sermon.

It was a beautiful June day with the new leaves on the tall elms rustling in a gentle wind, as he crossed the Common which was in the center of Wayre—a green square of carefully tended grass, criss-crossed by gravelled paths, and entirely surrounded on three sides by calm white houses. On the fourth side of the Common, a hill rose abruptly to where the dominie's church towered whitely; it was typical New England, with austere clean-cut lines, except for the delicate traceries of its Christopher Wren tower, which seemed to float in the clear blue sky, above the town.

Crash, bang, putt, putt! The peace was shattered. "Hi, Dominie. Swell day for the wedding!" Cod, the village policeman, with one foot braced against the curb, yelled over the racket of the contraption he was riding. It seemed to be mostly noise and smell, held together with a little wire.

The dominie yelled back, "Got a new bike, Cod?"

"Ain't exactly new," Cod admitted, turning off the engine. "There was an accident on the Post Road, 'n I bought the pieces and kind'a strung 'em together . . . You worried about something, Dominie?"

He would notice! Codman Perkins was a big, raw-boned, sandy-haired man with deceptively mild eyes, but under the drooping lids lurked a Yankee keenness, and not much in town escaped him. His uniforms might look as if he slept in them, but he was related to nearly all the old families in town and had administered justice to most of their offspring, from diapers on.

Cod said speculatively, "I hear Terry's back. Must have been him I saw coming out of Miss Pendery's late last night."

Terry at Gale's! The dominie said quickly, "Cod, Pat Thomas is sort of a cousin of yours, isn't she?" As the big policeman nodded, the dominie made

By

GRACE NIES FLETCHER

and JANET HOWE

[PART TWO]

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE. The two most important families in Wayre were being united through the marriage of **CONNIE WHITE** and **JIM THOMAS**. On the wedding eve, **TERRY THOMAS**, Jim's brother, comes back. Eight months before, Terry's plane had crashed and there had been no word about him. But now he was back—and Connie had been engaged to him! The news had just reached the kindly old dominie, **DR. QUAIL**, who is to perform the ceremony; he is mulling it over when Connie comes to see him. She is frightened; Terry has talked to her. "He acted like a crazy man; he says he'll never let me marry anyone but him." The dominie quiets her fears and between them they decide to go ahead with the wedding. On his way to the rehearsal that night, the dominie accidentally spies Connie's father, **DR. WILLIAM WHITE** embracing **GALE PENDERY**, a New York actress. The thought of this flamboyant creature becoming Connie's stepmother is abhorrent to the dominie. At the rehearsal, **LIZ HARDING**, the doctor's secretary and claimant to his affections before the advent of Gale, casually picks up a gun lying on a table. "Put down that gun, Liz. It's loaded," says Jim sharply. It is a Japanese gun Jim had picked up in prison camp. At that moment the dominie gets a queer feeling that evil has entered the White home. Everyone being assembled, the rehearsal is about to begin when there is a cry outside, "Stop! Don't shoot!" It is **PATRICIA THOMAS**, Jim's mother. They all rush across to the Thomas house to find her lying on the bed sobbing. "I must have had a nightmare," she gasps. Plainly she doesn't want to say what shocked her. They leave her alone with the doctor. As the dominie, last to leave, goes down the stairs, he hears her say: "Oh, Bill, Terry has a gun!" The dominie shivers. So Terry came to the rehearsal and he has a gun!

ILLUSTRATOR

MALCOLM THOMPSON

up his mind to tell him the facts. He explained about Connie's coming to him yesterday, and how she was worried about maybe Terry might interrupt the wedding tonight. In any case, he had been acting very queerly; maybe it was sort of a hangover from his war experience, or his crash in the plane, but if Cod noticed him acting peculiarly to-night . . .

"He's gone again," Cod interrupted. "Went by me last night in his old Chevvy like a bat outta—" he paused, coughed and amended "—a tree. Herman, the Doc's 'shofer', kept the Chevvy tuned up all the time Terry was away. Don't worry, Dominie, me 'n my pop-bike will be at the wedding tonight directing traffic. I've known that kid since I whaled him for stealin' apples." He took off his cap, scratched his head, sighed: "He's a spoiled brat, but it

ain't his fault. Pat kep' him in long curls till he was six." He snorted, spat, and roared away on his pop-bike.

Let's hope Terry stays away until after the wedding, the dominie mused as he fitted the six-inch iron key into the church door, and sighed with relief as the familiar smell of mustiness and peace met his nostrils. "Perfume of piety," he thought whimsically, "made up of old hymnbooks, talcum powder from the babies baptized here, and the tag ends of prayers!"

As he wearily mounted the winding stairs that led from the ground floor, he realized he was tired. After all, you weren't as young as you used to be, and you'd been up half the night. His study was at the left of the altar, in the front of the auditorium. He opened the windows to let in the spring air, and then threw himself down on the old leather couch and closed his eyes gratefully. You'd just lie there a few minutes while you gathered your sermon notes together for tomorrow . . . In nothing flat, he was sound asleep.

THE ANGRY VOICES outside in the auditorium woke him. A woman cried, "You're ashamed of me, Bill White! I'm not good enough to stand up with your precious Connie!"

"That's foolish, Gale," a man's voice answered, placating. "Liz is Connie's best friend, and certainly the bride has a right—"

"And I suppose I've got no rights?" Gale Pendery stormed. "Don't think I missed that secretary of yours looking as if she'd like to blister me when she walked in on us at the office yesterday! She's jealous, with plenty of reason probably. You can't treat me the way you did her, do you hear?" Her voice rose to such fury that the dominie got up hastily from his couch and pushed open the study door.

Even in anger, Gale Pendery standing there in the aisle facing the doctor, was a strikingly handsome woman. The pale green slack suit she wore emphasized the magnificence of her hair which hung about her shoulders in smooth deep-red beauty that was shot with golden gleams as she moved her head impatiently. "Don't start any funny business, Bill White, or you'll be sorry!"

The dominie coughed to show he was there, but neither Gale nor the

(Continued on page 60)

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The dominie caught her as she slumped. He stared beyond her and horror gripped his heart.

Women's Place IN THE CHURCH

edited by Isabel Russell

COSTUMES for Christmas Pageants



WHEN Mrs. J. E. Saunders was in charge of costuming for pageants at the Morrow Methodist Church of Maplewood, N. J., she considered a pair of old faded velvet potties better than a king's ransom, because she could make them into several elegant king's robes. With little money and a lot of ingenuity and rummage sale bargains, she outfitted dozens of angels, shepherds and Biblical characters, executed the Nativity settings and most of the backgrounds for the church pageants.

At our suggestion that many of our women's groups would appreciate some tips on costuming, she agreed to let us in on some of her secrets.

In collaboration with Miss Edith Jordan, director of religious education at that time, Mrs. Saunders worked to make the pageants a colorful and inspirational tradition of the church. "When we sat down to plan the Christmas pageant," she told me, "we never hurried; it was just as if we were preparing a sermon. Before the performance was shown to the congregation, our minister talked to those taking part. He told them that they were taking over his role in the church, and that each one should feel the character he was portraying and the message of the pageant."

The costumes and settings were planned with a feeling of reverence and a desire for effective simplicity. In costuming it is most important, Mrs. Saunders feels, to dress the cast according to their stations in life. The disciples, for instance, should wear somber colors of dull material, while the rich men, like Nicodemus and Jacob, can wear gaudy colors and shiny materials. Don't use modern things, she cautions. Even crude reproductions of properties and dress will give a good illusion to the audience when cleverly lighted against a simple background.

If a church is just organizing its costume department, a good project for one of the ladies' groups would be to make about eight all-purpose foundation dresses for women and the same number in sizes for the men. Each Sunday-school department might make several of these garments to fit the various sizes of children. Be sure to make generous hems so that they can be lengthened or shortened to fit a variety of sizes. Pinking scissors will eliminate the

need for hemming in many places. The less hemming there is, she says, the better.

These foundation dresses may be made of unbleached muslin, sheeting or cotton flannel, velvet or velveteen, in kimono style with straight short sleeves. Some should have pointed sleeves sewed on to a sleeveless kimono. The plain unbleached muslin dresses can be painted around the sleeves and down the front as desired, using paint that will not wash out. Or strips of colored materials may be sewed on for decoration. The Jerusalem women usually were robed in gay and varied colors. Around Palestine, wide stripes of white and black, blue and white, brown and white were used. The children especially should be decked in gay colors.

From an old maroon portiere, Mrs. Saunders fashioned a very successful king's robe that appeared in practically every pageant for years. She then pounded soft-drink bottle caps, rubbed the little cork rounds in gold paint and sewed them on the robe. The metal tops had a hundred uses—they were money clinking in bags, precious jewels, tokens, etc.

An underdress of some kind is usually worn beneath the kimono coat, or sometimes used as a dress itself, especially for angel costumes. Make the underdress of white sateen, or a heavy enough material so that light won't show through. Of course it may be dyed to suit a special costume. Cut this Grecian-style dress using a width of double thickness material, long enough to reach the floor after hemming, or to the knee for a tunic style. Make a hole in the center for a large neck, and attach a drawstring. To give a better fit across the shoulder, Mrs. Saunders used to gather the material between the neck and outside edge. Stitch sides, leaving an adequate opening for the arms near the top. For an angel's costume, sew a permanent loop on the center neck back and belt the dress with silver ribbon.

ONE kind of angel wings can be cut from a single thickness of thin white rayon satin, measured from finger to finger of outstretched arms. Attach a loop at each of the front corners, slip "wings" through the loop at back of angel dress and put wing loops over forefingers. To make an effect of feathers, lay the wings on a table and, with flat white paint, brush on splashes about four inches long and three inches apart.

Another type of wings especially suited to cherubs can be made on a wire bent in conventional wing form, covered with gauze or some very thin fabric. Strips of finely fringed tissue paper, put on with rubber cement, give the feather illusion.

Shepherds can wear a tunic tied with

a piece of coarse material at the waist. A young shepherd can wear a white tunic and a draped red cap, and carry a lantern—a piece of log cut out to hold a flashlight, and nailed to a stick. If there is to be a group of shepherds, dress each one differently. For an effect of leather, remove sleeves from old sweatshirts, and dye the shirts brown—the poorer the dye job the better the illusion! These are worn with khaki shorts, bare legs and sandals (old Boy Scout moccasins with center top cut out). A leather hide, tied around a shepherd's shoulders, is a very effective property. Perhaps you could borrow one from a shoe shop or leather-goods store. Or you can make a fair imitation with a large piece of coarse canvas cut in an irregular rectangular shape with pieces of old fur sewed on for paws. If leg cover is desired, long cotton under-

wear can be dyed any color wanted for using under short tunics.

Head-dresses were one of Mrs. Saunders' pet projects. First she sought from the congregation old silk scarves of colors or stripes, or old pieces of silks and cottons. She draped a two-yard length over the head to within two inches of the eyes, and tied it on with cords or pieces of colored material. For variety, she would make a number of braided rings for fastening the flowing head-dresses, braiding three strips of colored materials long enough for a band of head size. A tall square-cornered cap draped down around the forehead is very effective on a man. One which she used over and over was made of green velvet with black braid sewed around the outside edges, both materials salvaged from ragbags.

(Continued on page 46)

• MAKING FOOD SELL ITSELF AT THE BAZAAR •

IF your Ladies Aid food sales are always a great success, and you can always sell more than you can solicit from the church members, don't read any further! (Do write us though, and share your secrets of success.) But if your group winds up the bazaar or cake sale with some sad numbers which the members of the committee offer to buy to save face, perhaps these suggestions will add more dollars to your cause.

The booth or table should be attractive and eye-catching. Name your stand—"Sweet Shop," for instance—and display your choice prominently. Unusual lighting effects gather customers like moths. Here's an easy way to glamorize table lamps with shadow cut-out shades: First make a pattern of wrapping paper, then cut a piece of metallic paper of foil large enough to fit like a cone over the usual shade of the lamp. Lay the cut paper flat, and, using sharp scissors or a razor, cut out lots of stars and crescents. Roll paper in cone shape and fasten with Scotch tape or rubber cement. Slip over shade.

And how about a large paper Christmas tree for an attractive centerpiece?

Make a cone of light-weight cardboard the height desired and fasten firmly. Take a roll of green crepe paper and cut a 3-inch wide strip across the grain through the entire thickness. Unfold and divide strip in half to make it easier to handle. Refold each piece into several thicknesses and slash in to a fine fringe about two inches deep. Unfold and curl all the fringed ends by drawing a scissors blade over them against the grain. Starting at the bottom of the cone, paste the fringe-curling around and around the cone until it is entirely covered. Prepare more fringe as needed. Paste two gold stars back-to-back on top of tree, also here and there on it for decoration.

Displaying your stock on various levels makes a more interesting arrangement. A small bookshelf could be used, and small wooden or cardboard boxes covered with crepe paper.

Specially wrapping some of the items will add to their sales appeal as well as preserve their freshness. Cookies can be piled and wrapped in a roll with transparent cellophane and tied in a bow at each end. Very perishable cook-

Quantity Recipe of the Month

Holiday Sandwich Spread

Ingredients: 2 pounds (2 quarts) American cheese, 1½ cups salad dressing or mayonnaise, 2 cups stuffed olives, 4 loaves (100 slices) bread, cut ¼ inch thick.

Grate cheese. Add salad dressing and chopped stuffed olives. Mix well. Spread on white or whole-wheat bread. Cut as desired. Serves 50, one full-sized sandwich each.

Recipe by courtesy of National Dairy Council.



Two cute yet practical Christmas items that can be made for sale. See below.

ies may first be enclosed in a cardboard tube; just roll a piece of cardboard and fasten with Scotch tape.

Some of the goods can be wrapped in their cooking dishes. Add the cost of the re-usable dishes to the selling price. The buyer will be doubly satisfied.

Pies sell in their tins or glass baking-pans. You can keep the juice in a berry pie by putting straws or paper funnels in several of the holes in the top crust, or insert a "pie bird" before baking and sell him with the pie.

A good cake needs no embellishment. If you sell halves of cake, remember to keep the cut edges fresh and neat with a piece of waxed paper or cellophane, or put halves under a transparent cake cover. Pound or sponge cakes not usually frosted look enticing with fancy sugaring. With two toothpicks, fasten a paper doily the size of the cake to the top, picking a doily with a large cut-out design. Then sift confectioners' sugar over the top so that it will go down through the holes in the doily. When you carefully lift the doily off the cake, there is your design in sugar.

Candy boxes can be decorated, filled in advance and the contents displayed under cellophane. To make a bow on a box-sweetheart style, that needs no untying-cut ribbon into two pieces of uneven length and paste one end of each on the inside cover of a box at opposite corners, diagonally across from each other, so that they can be brought up over the top to make a bow or rosette.

• PIN-MONEY PLANS •

HANGING a stocking for Santa to fill is part of the country's Christmas tradition. And a unique family custom is for each member of the family to have a special stocking with his name on it just to put up on Christmas Eve. A good project for the Ladies Aid is to make these to order, with any name desired. Last December these stockings sold in New York City stores for \$1.50 each. Now that felt is cheaper, they could profitably be made to sell for 75c to \$1.00, depending on the size. Here's how:

Using lightweight cardboard, cut out the shape of a man's large sock, wide at the top, being careful not to make ankle and foot too small. Cut two pieces of felt this size. Stitch a fringe of white yarn across the outside top of one piece (the attachment for making pile rugs on the sewing machine will do this quickly). Put the stocking pieces together and stitch close around the edges, leaving the top open. Turn with seam corner and a loop for hanging on the other. Below the fringe print the name, using white ink and a stub pen. Some other heavy red material could be used, velveteen or even red corduroy, although the ink applies best to the felt. If felt is not available locally, it may be ordered by mail, and comes in three different grades.

Another cute Christmasy container that could be reused from year to year, or made in quantity to hang on the Sunday school Christmas tree, is a

little Santa Claus. He is about a foot high, made of medium heavy white net cut in the shape of a fat Santa. The edges are overcast with red yarn, and black yarn makes the eyes and nose. Santa has a red-yarn mouth and a white-yarn fringe of a beard. Red-yarn ties in his waist and around each ankle. His cap, with a drawstring top, is of red sateen. (See drawing.)

• HERE'S AN IDEA •

DID you ever hear of a Mail Bag Grab Bag for a bazaar? The committee asks friends in different parts of the country to send small articles to the church. These packages are left wrapped and are tossed into a large duffel or sea-bag—the handiest facsimile of a mailbag. For his package the "grabber" pays fifty cents, plus the mailing charge. To lend authenticity to the "post office," put up WANTED signs, using pictures of prominent church members.

Are you having a holiday party for a large Sunday-school class of teenagers? A spelling bee will provide lots of fun and hilarious confusion. Prepare in advance two sets of alphabet letters on cards about a foot square. Two teams of twenty-six line up facing each other, every person holding a letter in order, with one alphabet going in one direction, one in the opposite. The quoniam master calls out words from a prepared list (no letter can be used more than once in each word). Members of each team try to line themselves up to spell the word correctly.

A good game for a small group is **Switchover Ads.** Cut out a number of advertisements from magazines, choosing ones with good pictures or drawings, full of action. Each person goes through the pile, selecting a picture from one ad and a slogan or caption from another. These new versions are to be pasted together on a sheet of paper, signed with a *nom de plume* and hung around the room. Everyone votes for the funniest switchover,

• BOOKLET REVIEW •

THERE'S a very helpful free booklet of suggestions for costuming plays and pageants, with sewing directions and sketches of 64 different costumes. There are ideas for costumes for many nations, the Nativity, fruits, vegetables, fairies, kings, queens, etc. It also tells you how to save money by using old materials, by dyeing to cover one color with another, and how to combine old colors with new to get the desired shade. Since this is a large 31-page booklet with many drawings, and illustrated partly in color, not more than one copy can be sent to each church. Address: Rit Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill.

Six Minutes to Live



PAUL PARKER

The rather amazing story of a man to whom War did its worst but on whom God did His best—and the part Bowery Mission had in it all

By FRASER BAILEY

THE doctor in the Veterans Administration office looked at the battered wreck of a man standing before him and shook his head. "I'll tell it to you straight. You can't last much longer. Maybe six months, six weeks, or six minutes. When you go, you'll go fast. There's nothing I can do for you. No pills, no surgery. I'm sorry. If the pain gets too bad, we can give you morphine."

The battered wreck managed a smile. "Not morphine, doc." He got up to go. "Well, thanks, anyway."

The doctor said, "Have a good time. Get lots of rest. Whatever you do, don't try any kind of work."

The battered wreck, whom we shall

call Alan Roberts, took his unhappiness with him and shuffled up the street to the corner bar. In New York there were a million bars. He wasn't really interested in bars; he wasn't a drunk. But it was better than nothing. And he had to have time to think.

It was hard to think with the pain beating at the back of his head. The pain never really let him alone. He knew that liquor wouldn't kill the pain, but he drank anyway. He knew, too, that a self-respecting man couldn't drink very much or very long on a \$60 monthly pension, his sole income. But while there was money in his pockets that day, he drank.

Now, most men drink to forget.

But Alan Roberts drank to remember. And he had lots to remember.

When he could remember no more, he left the bar and wandered out into space. The streets were cold but he was warm inside.

He felt himself irresistibly drawn downtown to that street of forgotten men called The Bowery. He knew that his life was over. He would stop fighting. Whatever he may have been before, whatever he may have dreamed before, he knew now that he belonged on the Bowery with the others. He had no other place to go.

On the Bowery he would find a place to lie down, a dark corner in an alley, a place on the sidewalk over a hot-air vent—or maybe, miraculously, even a bed!

A FEW weeks later a letter arrived at the Bowery Mission. It was on the stationery of one of America's leading law firms whose members practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. It was addressed to Superintendent George S. Bolton. It read:

DEAR SIR:

Mr. Alan Roberts, whom I have known for a good many years, has advised me of the kindness which has been shown to him by you, as well as by Mr. Thomas Roland and Mr. Ray Allen, who are connected with the Bowery Mission in New York City.

As a friend of Mr. Roberts, I wish to thank you from the depth of my heart for your kind attention to him. He is a fine man. He has been handicapped by wounds received in war. His doctors have advised him not to undertake to do any kind of work, but he is not the kind that will stand idle with folded hands. He is highly educated and came from one of the best families in the State of Georgia. I knew him during my school and college days and I know him to be true blue.

If there is any way in the world for him to show you his appreciation in a substantial way, I am sure he will do so. Thanking you for your kind attention to Mr. Roberts, I am,

Yours very truly . . .

The letter was signed by the senior member of the law firm. It left many things about Alan Roberts unsaid. This man whose future is so short has had a long and eventful past.

This man, who has helped America
(Continued on page 84)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH

Monday, December 1

READ LUKE 11:9, 10

"HE THAT SEEKETH findeth." We recently heard the dramatic story of a child lost in New England. A little four-year-old boy had wandered off into the woods and was lost for four days. The mother lay prostrate in the hospital. Everybody gave the child up as dead; all but three men—the father, the preacher and the doctor who had brought the child into the world. They searched the surrounding woods, determined to find that lost child, and finally found him cuddled up in an old barn where cattle had strayed for shelter, cuddled up asleep beside the warm body of a cow; asleep in a manger like the Christ Child of old. Such is our quest this month of December—a quest to find the Christ Child in our hearts, assured that he who seeks, like the Three Wisemen, shall find that Child.

Dear God of the Christ Child, we are all on a spiritual quest this month of December, like the Three Wisemen of old, seeking the Christ Child in our hearts. Amen.

Tuesday, December 2

READ JOHN 15:11

*Yours the holy blessed joy
Of love and faith without alloy
If you are on the blessed quest
To find the true and good and best.*

—HELEN SALEM

"THAT MY JOY might remain in you" is an appropriate text for the second day of Christmas month. Elizabeth Barr Hass sings it in "Where Shall I Look for Joy?": "Look high, look low! High, where the rosy snowpeaks glow, Where the firs go marching, spire by spire To vie for the jewel of Heaven's fire." So shall we this month in our meditations seek high, seek low—as low as a humble stable and manger—for the holy Christ Child to come into our hearts that the world's greatest joy may be in us.

Dear Father of those who seek after the Child, teach us, like the Wisemen of old to "Look high, look low," even as low a place as a manger, until we find Him. Amen.

Wednesday, December 3

READ PSALM 1:2

*This my joy and my delight
In the day or in the night;
That I shall find His lowly place;
That I shall see His gentle face.*

—MARGARET MASON

"HIS DELIGHT IS in the law of the Lord" is a glowing text for our glory month of December. I found that expression in an unusual experience. Glenadine Martin, the young wife of one of our younger professors, had a baby. I went to see her. Always beautiful, she was then more beautiful than ever. Her face shone like alabaster. I spoke of that, and she explained: "It's because I've got a glory and this is my glory month, Doctor."

Dear God of all glory and delight, we thank Thee for the laughter and love in a child's face, and for the glory of motherhood—especially for the glory of the Divine Motherhood. Amen.

Thursday, December 4

READ ISAIAH 26:3

"THOU WILT KEEP him in perfect peace." Real peace, perfect peace is always wrought by something in the inner soul. No man can be in perfect peace who has not found the Christ Child. Matthew Arnold sang it long ago: "Calm soul of things, make it mine to feel amid the city's jar, that there abides a place of Thine man did not make, and cannot mar." And that place is found in a simple stable, within a sacred manger, having followed a star of hope to the Christ Child.

Dear God of all peace, give us "the perfect peace" which comes only to those who have stood beside that tiny manger, who have heard the angels sing, "Peace on earth; good will to men." Amen.

Friday, December 5

READ MARK 9:50

*In Christ's love is found release
From all life's tensions; perfect peace.*

—EDWIN MARKHAM

ONE NIGHT I stood in the traditional field near Bethlehem where angels an-

nounced to shepherds the coming of the Christ Child. For years I had dreamed of that privilege. It was a moonlit night and the sky was full of stars. Venus was the evening star and it shone brilliantly in the west. There was not a sound in the air when we heard the far-off music of a shepherd's flute and the tinkling bells of a flock of sheep browsing in the early darkness. A feeling of quiet and peace came upon us, and we could imagine we were in that field on that holy night when Christ was born.

Dear Christ, Thou who didst bring "Peace on earth, good will to men," we thank Thee that we may be at peace in Thee. Amen.

Saturday, December 6

READ LUKE 14:17

*There was a sense of glory there
Where shepherds watched their flocks
by night;
A holy something in the air;
A glow of glory, and of light.*

—ANGELA MORGAN

"ALL THINGS ARE now ready" is our text and it implies something which is now in the current thinking—"great expectations," as Charles Dickens put it. I have a collection of baby pictures, more than a thousand of them, some from my parishioners in five churches, some from radio fans, some from my theological students. I cherish them. I love to take them out and look at them as I grow into the sunset years, because there is one thing always characteristic of a child's face: it has a look of expecting something to happen, some "far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves."

Dear God of all glory, we thank Thee that the Christmas Story resounds with "great expectations" with some "far-off divine event" for the world. Amen.

Sunday, December 7

READ EPHESIANS 1:18

*That ye may know God's glory
I sing the old, old story.*

—GLORIA MARSHALL

"THAT YE MAY KNOW . . . the riches of the glory of His inheritance" is our (Continued on page 42)

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Reviewing the RECORDS

● **EDITOR'S NOTE:** For the benefit of our discriminated readers, many of whom have queried us from time to time regarding religious recordings, we are inaugurating with this issue an occasional column of reviews and listings of the better records. The frequency of this column's appearance will depend upon how helpful it is. Especially featured this month are records and albums pertaining to the Christmas season, and suitable as gifts.

CHRISTMAS AT THE ORGAN (*Bible-tone*). Particularly designed for families who like superb organ accompaniment for their fireside hymn-sings, this album contains best-loved Christmas favorites: "Adeste Fideles" and "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" (No. 601); "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" (No. 602); "Silent Night" and "Joy to the World" (No. 603), and "Away in a Manger" and "The First Noel" (No. 604). Album contains four double-faced 10" records, with hymnal containing words and music; price \$4.50 plus tax.

THE CHRISTMAS AUTRY. If your family is a Gene Autry fan, here is a record (*Columbia*, No. 37942) you will enjoy this season. It contains two brand-new tunes, "An Old-Fashioned Tree" and "Here Comes Santa Claus." The former is a descriptive recounting of the little incidents and familiar scenes that make Christmas a time for hospitality and warm family life; the second is a graphic description of jolly St. Nick that will throw the children into spasms of delight.

SONGS THAT MAKE CHRISTMAS (*Singspiration, Inc.*). The first of this album of four double-faced records features George Beverly Shea, popular ABC bass-baritone, singing "O Holy Night" and "Sweet Little Jesus Boy." Record number two has Helen McAlerney Barth, radio contralto, assisted by the Treble Harmonies Octet, singing "Away in a Manger" and "Long Ago," a new Christmas theme set to the music of Brahms' Cradle Song. On the third record, Herman Voss and Douglas Fisher combine their talents in two Christmas favorites with pipe organ and chimes. "Silent Night" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem" are rendered on the fourth record by Baritone Al Smith and Organist Herman Voss. Price \$5.00.

CHRISTMAS SONGS (*Blackwood Bros.*). If you're looking for Christmas carols sung by a male quartet of well-blended voices, you can't go wrong on this album by the well-known radio and concert singers of Gospel songs, the Blackwood Brothers Quartet of Shenandoah, Iowa. The numbers included are: "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Hark the Herald

Angels" (No. 1105); "Silent Night" and "O Come All Ye Faithful" (No. 1106); "Joy to the World" and "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" (No. 1107).

CHIMES AT CHRISTMAS TIME (*Bible-tone*). Perhaps better suited to amplifying use than for playing on the parlor phonograph, these selections are remarkably true-toned and full-bodied for chimes recordings. Included in the album of four double-faced 10" records are: "O Come All Ye Faithful" and "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" (No. 1701); "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Hark, the Herald Angels" (No. 1702); "Silent Night" and "Joy to the World" (No. 1703); "Away in a Manger" and "The First Noel" (No. 1704). Price \$4.50 plus tax.

TALES OF ANCIENT HEROES (*Majestic*). Narrated by Lew Ayres, these Bible stories make an ideal gift for any family with children. In the album of three records (six sides) are the stories of David and Goliath (No. 5005A), David and the King (No. 5006A), Noah (Nos. 5005B, 5006B), Daniel (No. 5007A), and Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego (No. 5007B).

THE FREEDOM TRAIN (*Decca*). Irving Berlin's timely song has been nowhere better or more dramatically recorded than on this record (No. 23999A) by Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters. The accompaniment is by Vic Schoen and his orchestra. On the reverse side (No. 23999B) Bing Crosby effectively recites the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" against a musical background supplied by Victor Young and his orchestra. Price 75c plus tax.

A CHORAL CONCERT (*Columbia*). One of the most remarkable musical groups to come out of World War II, dePaur's Infantry Chorus during the war years gave more than 2,000 concerts for GIs on all fighting fronts. Now demobilized, they continue their music-making under Captain dePaur's direction. For its first album, the chorus sings nine great works, representing the deeply felt songs of many faiths. These include the traditional Jewish *Eli, Eli* (arranged by dePaur), Owen Da Silva's *The Blessing of St. Francis*, Paul Creston's *Here Is Thy Footstool*; two pieces of dramatic Russian liturgical music, *Hospodi Polmilui* by Lvovsky and *Bless the Lord, O My Soul* by Ippolitov-Ivanov; dePaur's arrangement of the traditional *Deep River*, Malotte's *The Lord's Prayer*, and two profound Palestrina chorals: *O Bone Jesu* and *Adoramus Te, Christe*. Album of three 12" records (No. MM-709); price \$4.60.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 40)

text. Norman Vincent Peale tells the story of a poor, lonely boy in New York City who was homesick for his Wisconsin home. A famous man saw him in a railroad station, detected his nostalgia and bought him a ticket home. The boy asked his name. The man told him. The boy asked: "Are you really Mr. So-and-so?" "Yes, that is my name, son." "Well, that may be your name, but I will think of you all my life as Christ in an old faded raincoat." There is a Christmas glory in kindness, no matter what it wears or in what guise it appears.

Dear God of the Christmas glow and glory, we thank Thee that the birth of Christ brought the glory of kindness into human life. Amen.

Monday, December 8

READ II PETER 1:19

*Wise men followed from afar
Heaven's bright and morning star.*

—JO LAVELLE

"UNTIL THE . . . DAY STAR arise in your hearts." Dan Crawford in "Thinking Black" informs us how the black couriers on the African trails always used to go to sleep at night singing to each other, "Latunda! Latunda! Latunda," which was the morning star and that good-night cry was their rendezvous with each other for the start of the next day's trek. They would arise with the morning star and be on their way. It was a beautiful good-night song. So the world was awaiting the cry of "Latunda!" when Christ was born.

*Dear Father of the immortal stars,
Guide of their destinies, Creator of their orbits and lights, we thank Thee that the "day star" shall arise in our hearts with the advent of Christmas. Amen.*

Tuesday, December 9

READ ISAIAH 38:19

*Heaven's high anthems sing His praise
All the angel voices raise.*

—NONA WELSH

"THE LIVING, the living, he shall praise Thee." I once met a reporter in Georgia who told me about an interview he had with an old man on his 110th birthday. The reporter asked the old man the secret of his long life and he had replied: "Well, every morning when I get out of bed and go over to the window, I take a look outside and say to myself, whether it's sunshine or rain: 'This is just the kind of a day I wanted!' Then I praise the Lord for His goodness and mercy to the children of men."

*Dear Father and our Lord, we thank
Thee that there is praise in our hearts*

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"Won't We Be Happy."

No. 5 "The Love Of God,"

"If We Never Meet Again."

No. 6 "I Won't Have to Cross Jordan Alone,"

"I've Been Listening."

No. 7 "I'm Winging My Way Back Home"

"In The Garden"

No. 8 "A Beautiful Life"

"Keep On The Firing Line"

No. 9 "When He Calls I'll Fly Away"

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No. 10 "Tis Wonderful to Me"

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these December days because we look forward to that bright and shining, starled morning when our Savior was born so long ago. Amen.

Wednesday, December 10

READ JOHN 15:10

Love from heaven to earth come down
And shine on clod and king and clown.

—ENGLISH FOLK SONG

"YE SHALL ABIDE in my love" is our text and the theme is inseparable from the Christmas Story. Henry Ward Beecher once said in a Christmas sermon: "Love lifts the levels of life; Love is the dynamic of the soul; Love puts its arms around the lonely, wistful world; Love came down on Christmas morn and lifted the earth nearer to the eternal, loving God-heart; Love holds the stars in place and gives order to the universe."

Dear Christ of Christmas morning,
love and affection, we thank Thee that
a little Child and a mother's love are at
the heart of the Christmas Story. Amen.

Thursday, December 11

READ ISAIAH 60:1

Let there be light! Let there be light!
The Heavens declared that Holy Night.

—GERTRUDE BRIGHAM

"ARISE, SHINE; for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" If we but lift our eyes we can see the light in God's sky. Sylvester Horne invited some of his students to see his garden, about which he had often told them. They were eager to see that garden, for it was there that their teacher got the inspiration for so many of his great thoughts. Imagine their surprise when they found it tiny, narrow, hemmed-in. "Why, Doctor," said one of the boys, "this is surely not the garden where all of your great thoughts come from?" "Oh, yes, it is!" said Dr. Horne. "But it is so small!" "Yes," the professor answered, pointing to the sky, "but look how high it is!"

Dear Lord of the skies, of all heights
and lights, we thank Thee that by look-
ing up we may see the illimitable uni-
verse; and we shall see Thy stars shining
therein; and at the center of all, Thy
Christmas star of love and life. Amen.

Friday, December 12

READ PSALM 4:7

Thou hast put laughter in our hearts
And gladness in our inner parts.

—EDNA GOODWIN

"THOU HAST PUT gladness in my heart." Christmas will have a new gladness this year because most of our boys are home from the war; and the war itself is over. Richter, the unforgotten and great, once said: "For from the crushed flowers of gladness on the road



Nothing can better express the joy of Christmas than the music of beautiful bells. Borne through the skies on golden wings, it soars straight to our hearts and makes even more ecstatic the happiness that dwells there.

Christmastime is the time of all the year when we know happiness for what it truly is—when love and kindness and the pleasure of giving are the guideposts of our lives. That has been true down through the centuries: the darkness of doubt and selfishness has ever vanished before the brilliance of the Spirit of Christmas.

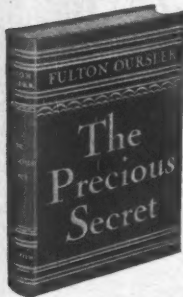
Down through the centuries, too, multitudes have hearkened to bells, and to carillons—and this love of bell music has never waned. Why not plan to thrill your community with the sweetest bell music ever heard—the music of CARILLONIC BELLS. Inquiry about this modern carillon should be made now if installation by Christmas is desired. Write Dept. CH-28.



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"Lord, Send Me"—Savage, Merv Rosell—Saxophone Girls Trio
SS 1-2 "Contentment"—Dunlop, Howard Skinner—Baritone
"Overshadowed"—Schuler, Ada Skinner—Soprano
SS 3-6 "Spiritual Medley"—Ada—Howard Skinner
"Glorious Christian Soldiers"—Sullivan, Skinner Duo Piano

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Write for name and address of your nearest dealer

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SUPER-SOUND RECORDING COMPANY

Dept. H Maranatha, Muskegon, Michigan

of life a sweet perfume is wafted over the present hour, as marching armies often send out from their ranks the fragrance of trampled plants."

Dear God of all gladness, joy and laughter, we thank Thee that out of sorrow, war and suffering may often come the joys of life. Amen.

Saturday, December 13

READ PSALM 30:5

*Joy and singing on that day
Where the Infant Jesus lay.*

—MARKHAM

"JOY COMETH in the morning." It certainly came on that wonderful Christmas morning! Beecher said it this way: "There are joys which long to be ours. God sends ten thousand truths, which fly around us like birds seeking nests; but we are shut up to them, and so they bring us nothing, but sit and sing awhile upon the roof, and then fly away reluctantly to nest again at night till dawn comes and try again to get into our hearts and homes." "Joy cometh in the morning" to bring us God's blessings and His truths.

Dear God of all joy, we lift singing hearts in gratitude to Thee that Thou hast put singing in our hearts. Amen.

Sunday, December 14

READ GALATIANS 5:1

*Freedom is a sacred thing
Over which all free hearts sing.*

—MARY BERKEY

"WHEREWITH CHRIST hath made us free" is our text. It is an interesting thing to me that one of the great hymns of the Nativity sings of this freedom in these words: "He comes to break oppression, to set the captive free; To take away transgression, and rule in equity." Emerson sang it: "My angel—his name is Freedom—chose Him to be your king: He shall cut pathways east and west and fend you with His wing."

Dear Father of all freedom, we thank Thee that Thou has given us a fifth freedom—that of freedom from transgression in the Christmas Story! Amen.

Monday, December 15

READ PSALM 39:7

*Christ is my faith and Christ my hope
As through this weary world I grope.*

—MARY SOWASH

"MY HOPE IS in Thee." Dr. Charles W. Eliot, former president of Harvard, found his only remaining hope in the birth of a little child. His wife had just died; he was grief-stricken. He put on his hat and coat, walked over to his son's home where a grandchild had been born that morning and asked to have the child in his arms. He took it up, held it close to his heart, and said:

"Death takes away our loved ones and love brings unto us new life. In this is the world's greatest hope." So it was when the Christ Child was born at Bethlehem of Judea. The world's greatest hope came on that immortal morning.

Dear God of our hope and faith, we thank Thee that Thou didst send to us on Christmas morn, the Immortal Hope.

Tuesday, December 16

READ PSALM 40:3

"HE HATH PUT a new song in my mouth." The dominant note of Christmas is singing, the Christ Child having been announced through "A Song in the Air." A man I know wrote "The Christmas Song": "The Christmas song was in the air, Its subtle charm felt everywhere; From Rome and Athens in their pride, To every little countryside, When o'er Judea's little town, The angel hosts came singing down. The Christmas song is in the air, One hears it ringing everywhere; He hears it on the busy streets, From lips of everyone he meets; And knows that still, o'er every town, The angel hosts are singing down."

Dear Saviour of all song and singing, we thank Thee that Christmas brought new music into our hearts, new songs to our lips. Amen.

Wednesday, December 17

READ PSALM 95:6

*He hath brought us adoration,
Joy and gladness and elation!*

—EDWIN MARKHAM

"LET US WORSHIP and bow down." Adoration is one of the regnant words of the Christmas spirit. Wisemen and shepherds bowed before the manger-throne of the Child in adoration. A Sunday-school teacher was asking her six-year-olds to name their favorite Christmas hymn and little mischievous, trouble-making Billy looked up and said: "O Come, Let Us Adore Him" is mine." "But, Billy, how do you know what that word means?" asked the teacher. "Oh, my mother is always saying that 'I adore you, Billy! I adore you, Jacky! I adore you, Daddy!' I guess I know what it means." He knew, all right, and all of us do, for it is the essence of the first Christmas scene in the stable.

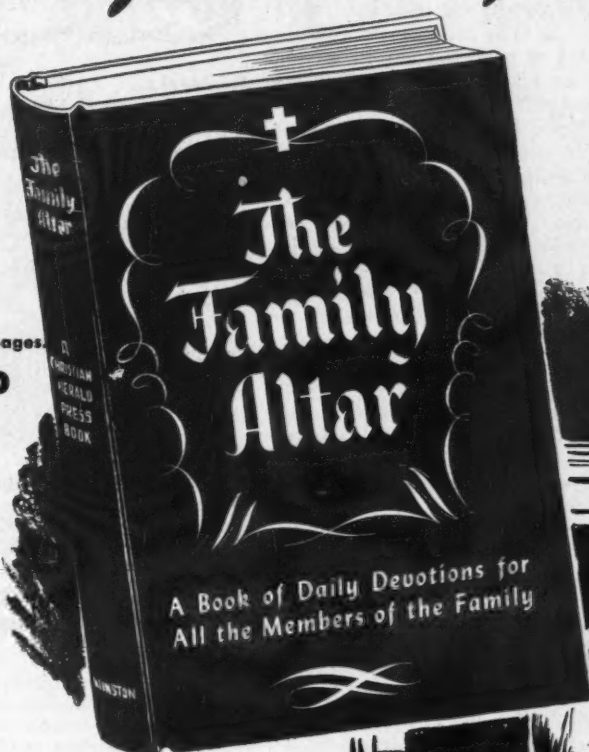
Dear Christ of all reverence, worship and adoration, we thank Thee for the spirit of worship in the Christmas Story! Amen.

Thursday, December 18

READ PROVERBS 8:35

"WHOSO FINDETH ME findeth life." What a glowing word that is for our
(Continued on page 48)

Your Guide to Family Worship



A BOOK OF DAILY DEVOTIONS
by the
Editors of "Christian Herald"

Pocket-size,
4 1/4 x 6 1/4
inches; 384 pages.

\$2.00



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Americans are coming to understand
the pure joy of worshipping together.

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child is made to feel that he or she has an individual part in the family worship experience. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for the past two decades have cherished these fresh and original expressions of faith and have asked that this collection be made.

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(Dec.)

WOMEN'S PLACE

(Continued from page 38)

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"Alright, what'd you do with the ship?"

—McCall Spirit.



"Beyond Our Own"

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BEYOND OUR OWN is a "must" for your church. Show it, too, in service clubs, between shifts in industrial plants, in domestic relations courts, in the county jail—it has a message for all.

"Beyond Our Own"

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Order today—from your local film library or from your denominational agency. If they cannot supply you forward their names and addresses to:

The Religious Film Association, Inc.
45 Astor Place New York 3, N. Y.

Are you in-the know?



Do this if you'd try —

- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ A different hairdo
- ☐ A new parlor game

Is your face round or square . . . long or oval? Do you really know? Before trying a different hairdo—put tracing paper over your photograph, then outline your face. It tells you your true type, so you can plan your coiffure accordingly! Experts say that's important. Same as it's important (on problem days) to know your type of sanitary napkin. That's *easy*, with Kotex. Just try all 3 sizes of Kotex: you'll find the one that's very personally yours.



Feel neglected at a no-date party?

- ☐ Crawl into a corner
- ☐ Start a conversation
- ☐ Choose the nearest exit

At a strictly stag-and-doe shindig, maybe you haven't snared a partner. So — you're crushed! To banish "wallflower panic" just stroll up to that boogie man at the keyboard . . . start a conversation. It'll be a duet! Self-assurance wouldn't forsake you if you'd learn to meet trying situations confidently. Take trying days, for instance. You'd be poised—feel secure—with Kotex and the extra protection of that exclusive *safety center*. Kotex keeps you fluster-proof!



What's the latest "dorm" doings?

- ☐ Snack smuggling
- ☐ Platter spinning
- ☐ Briefing-sessions

Even "dorm" life can be beautiful! Main idea's to be comfortable, though, say campus queens. They're the gals who know that for comfort on *difficult* days there's nothing quite like the softness of Kotex: the napkin made to *stay soft while you wear it*. They're the same, comfort-loving gals who are "briefing" their bathrobes . . . chopping 'em off, for more freedom. Or sporting the dreamy, poetic Study Coat pictured here. Either way, brief's the word!



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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

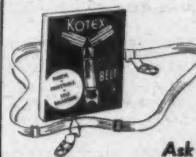


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**Kotex
Sanitary
Belt**

Ask for it by name

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Belt

Ask for it by name

A Cross Examination...

To further clear the atmosphere concerning Spiritual Mobilization's expanding crusade in behalf of Freedom.

- Q: Is Spiritual Mobilization a front for big business or any other interests?
A: No, and never has been.
- Q: Is Spiritual Mobilization anti-Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America?
A: No. Its Director is a Congregational representative in the Federal Council and deeply devoted to all inclusive church movements.
- Q: Has the National Association of Manufacturers contributed to the organization?
A: Never one cent. Nor has any other association or party.
- Q: Where does your money come from?
A: From pastors and men in all walks of life who believe Freedom is in peril here and with vigorous effort may be saved.
- Q: Is it true a wealthy man gives very large amounts to your treasury?
A: No. We have never accepted more than five thousand dollars from any source in any year.
- Q: Do you plan to make any political use of lists you gather?
A: Absolutely none. Our lists are destroyed when they have served their intended use. Our organization will terminate its existence as soon as our citizenry becomes more aware of Freedom's peril—and the clergy more aroused to its responsibility on Freedom's behalf.
- Q: How many pastors participated in your Columbus Day preaching program?
A: 25,066.

If you have other questions send them along. The little group that has spread false rumors about us seems to have become silent. We covet expanding fellowship of understanding among the clergy.

James W. Fifield, Jr. D.D.,
Founder and Director

SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION (Since 1934)

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December meditations! "Life" is one of the dominant words of the Christmas Story and of the Christmas symbolism. "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." The sages have thought deeply of this gift of God to man which we call life, symbolized by the Christmas birth. Goethe said: "Life is the gift of God and is divine, most beautifully set forth in the birth of a little Child in Bethlehem of Judea." George MacDonald said: "Life and religion are one, and this is the eternal meaning of the Child in the manger."

Dear God of all life—in plant, tree, flower and humanity—we thank Thee that Thou art the God of immortal life, and that through the Christmas Story Thou hast promised it unto us. Amen.

Friday, December 19

READ I CORINTHIANS 14:25

"SO, FALLING DOWN . . . he will worship God." Worship is always a part of the beautiful Christmas Story, and we of these meditation hours have the spirit of worship in our hearts. Thomas Carlyle said: "Man always worships something; always he sees the infinite shadowed forth in something finite—God born in a little Child on Christmas morning in Bethlehem of Judea." The birth of the Christ Child was the rising sun of human life, the dawn of hope.

Dear God of all reverence and worship, we thank Thee that the Three Wisemen of old and the humble shepherds came to worship Christ, the newborn King, and that we may have that same privilege this immortal morning.

Saturday, December 20

READ PROVERBS 29:18

Vision is a hope unfurled
Like a flag across the world.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

"WHERE THERE IS no vision the people perish." Two beggars on a glorious May morning stood on a New York City street corner. Into the cup of one the people poured their coins. The other cup was almost empty. What was the difference? The one whose cup was running over had a card pinned on his coat saying: "It is May and I am blind." The very fact that he recognized the loss that his lack of vision brought him made the hearts of passersby generous. God gave a blind world a new vision of hope on Christmas morning.

Dear Christ of all divine visions and victories, we thank Thee that through Thine event in history we have a new vision and victory in our lives. Amen.

Sunday, December 21

READ GENESIS 49:18

"I HAVE WAITED for Thy salvation." That is the mood of all of us who are

now awaiting the great event of Christmastime. One of the most beautiful memories of us have is the long and eager waiting which is in the heart of all children for the coming of Christmas dawn, the waiting for weeks and months. And that anticipation and waiting is especially manifest the week preceding Christmas, and particularly intense the night before. Perhaps the most popular Christmas verse is: "Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." The world for long centuries awaited the event of Jesus and we, in these December days, just as eagerly await the Divine Event in our worship.

Dear Saviour of all salvation, we thank Thee for the glow and glory of anticipation, for the waiting for Thy salvation. Amen.

Monday, December 22

READ PSALM 4:7

Thou hast banished all my sadness;
Thou hast brought me joy and gladness.

—ANGELA MORGAN

"THOU HAST PUT gladness in my heart." Gladness is the heart of the meaning of Christmas, as the old hymns sings it: "As with gladness men of old did the guiding star behold; As with joy they hailed its light, leading onward, beaming bright. So, most gracious Lord may we evermore be led to Thee." That is the everlasting mood of Christmas. A prayer in verse I read recently says it for us: "God, give me sympathy and sense, and help to keep my courage high; God give me calm and confidence, and please, a twinkle in my eye." Such a twinkle, such laughter, such joy as there is in the heart of a child at Christmastime!

Dear God of all gladness, we thank Thee that Thou didst give unto us the supreme gladness in the coming of the Christ Child to Bethlehem's manger so long ago. Amen.

Tuesday, December 23

READ EXODUS 3:5

Father of all sight and sound
This is high and holy ground.

—KATHRYN NEWMAN

"AND HE SAID, draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." How true that is of the place where Christ was born, even though it was a lowly manger in a stable! The parents, the Wisemen and the shepherds realized that the dirt floor of that stable was "holy ground." As you approach the room in the German art gallery where hangs the Sistine Madonna, the guide always puts his fingers to his lips and says: "No talking in this room. This is holy ground." In this mood we approach the Natal Day of Christ.

Dear God, we come into this Christ-

mas season with a holy hush on our hearts, "all reverently" as the Wisemen and shepherds entered that "holy ground." Amen.

Wednesday, December 24

READ GENESIS 28:22

*I will learn to lift and live;
All my life to love and give!*

—JEROME NELSON

"I WILL SURELY give the tenth!" I like that text for a pre-Christmas meditation for it admonishes a responsibility about stewardship. It is also the divine and human spirit of Christmas, for God gave His only begotten Son; the Wisemen brought gold, frankincense and myrrh. Giving seems to sum up the meaning of Christmas: "How silently, how silently the wondrous Gift is given." One of the great Christmas hymns sings it: "What can I give Him, poor as I am? If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb; If I were a Wiseman, I would do my part; Yet what can I give Him? I give Him my heart!"

Dear God of all gracious gifts, and most gracious of all, the gift of Thy Son, we thank Thee that Christmas puts us also in the spirit of giving. Amen.

Thursday, December 25

READ ISAIAH 29:14

*O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright!*

—HYMN

"I WILL DO A marvelous work and wonder." If ever God did a marvelous work and wonder it was on Christmas Day, and the wonder of it still haunts and holds our hearts in thrall. In "Watchers of the Sky," Alfred Noyes has an astronomer, Kepler, cry out: "My whole soul bowed and cried, 'Almighty God, these are Thy thoughts I am thinking after Thee!'" So many of us felt the Presence back in the early part of this century when we saw Haley's Comet flaming through the skies, when we saw a total eclipse of the sun, when we saw the Aurora Borealis. But most of all we know He is near when we see the Christmas star flaming in our skies and hearts.

Dear God of the universe, we thank Thee that Thou hast done a "marvelous work and wonder" in announcing to the world the event of Thy Christ Child with a star. Amen.

Friday, December 26

READ PSALM 10:16

*Now let the heavenly anthems ring:
The Christ forever is our King!*

—MARY BERKEY

"THE LORD IS KING FOREVER!" Now that we have received our King on Christmas Day, let us crown Him in our hearts forever. Alfred Noyes, in



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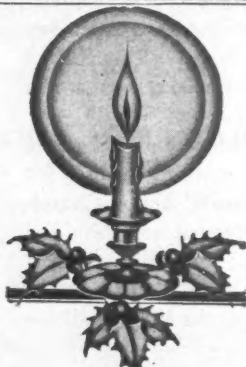
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the introduction to "Watchers of the Sky," relates how he spent a night on the summit of the Sierra Madre Mountains when the first trial was made of the new 100-inch telescope in the observatory. Later he put that experience into poetry: "The silence? On that lonely height I heard eternal voices." So we feel this day after Christmas, as if we too had been on some mountain peak and had "heard eternal voices" in the angelic choir.

Dear Father of all power, of the universal laws that hold the stars and planets in their courses, we thank Thee for the manifestation of Thy power and love in the Christmas Story. Amen.

Saturday, December 27

READ ISAIAH 9:6

"UNTO US A CHILD is born!" Perhaps the greatest thrill in human life comes to a man when he kneels and looks into the face of his first-born child; and to a mother when she feels that child lying by her side; and, to those of us who are older, when we see our first grandchild. There is something cosmic about the experience. Alfred Noyes has expressed it for us in "Watchers of the Skies"; "Our undiscovered cosmos. They shall see it in a new creation, rising from the deep, beautiful whole. We are like men who hear disjointed notes of some supernal choir." So we feel these after-Christmas days "that we have heard 'disjointed notes of some supernal choir' in the story of Christmas and the angel in the skies.

Dear Christ of the lowly manger in a stable, we thank Thee that whenever we look upon a little child, we shall think of Thee and Thy lowly birth in Bethlehem. Amen.

Sunday, December 28

READ PSALM 113:9

*O Mother, when I think of Thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary.*

—JOHN MASEFIELD

"A JOYFUL MOTHER of children" is also in the immortal mood of the Christmas Story which we now carry over in the last days of the old year and into the coming days and ways of the new. Indeed, why should we leave that story and that spirit behind us? Why should we not carry that spirit of love, worship, kindness and adoration all through the coming year? The heart of great art is the madonna theme, and that theme carries down through the years and centuries. And the spirit of motherhood is the sacrificial spirit of Christ on Calvary. In that way Christmas ties up with Calvary, and that is what we want it to do.

Dear God of all love, sacrifice and devotion, we thank Thee that Thou didst put at the center of our Christmas Story a mother and a little Child. Amen.

Monday, December 29

READ PSALM 23:1

"THE LORD IS my shepherd." Perhaps the most tender and beautiful word that Jesus used to describe Himself was the word "shepherd." The Christmas Annunciation was actually made to shepherds. One day Edwin Markham, who spent the early years of his life tending sheep on the Sierrita Hills of California, said to me: "Often on a stormy night when I shepherd my sheep into the protecting lee of a hill or the protection of a cave, I often felt that I was a god to my sheep."

Dear Christ, the good Shepherd, we thank Thee that Thou art our Protector, our Savior and our God. Amen.

Tuesday, December 30

READ MATTHEW 2:1, 2

"BEHOLD THERE CAME WISE MEN from the east to Jerusalem." Just as Christ was revealed to lowly shepherds, so was He revealed to the learned and the wise. That is a significant thought for all of us, for it takes us all in. Some of the wisest men in the ways of the Christian spirit I have ever known have been uneducated, simple, even ignorant people. Once when I was asked to write a magazine article on "The Finest Christian I Have Ever Known," I wrote about an old uneducated Negro named "Brother Benbury."

Dear God of all guidance and goodness, we thank Thee that the wisest and the humblest of us have a place in Thy heart and Thy kingdom. Amen.

Wednesday, December 31

READ JOB 27:6

"MY RIGHTEOUSNESS shall I hold fast." Righteousness is one of the integral parts of the whole Christmas Story. As the old Christmas hymn sings it: "He rules the world with truth and grace and makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness, and wonders of His love." I once heard Bishop McConnell in his Yale lectures say: "The ultimate and final proof of a so-called mystical experience of conversion is whether or not that experience makes you a better neighbor, family man and citizen. If it does not, one may question the validity of the experience, no matter how spectacular." So is it with Christmas. If we do not carry the spirit of Christmas over into human life, and into the New Year, we may question the sincerity, reality and validity of that experience.

Dear God of righteousness and all religious experiences and impulses, we thank Thee that there is a deep desire in our hearts as the old year ends, to carry the spirit of the Christmas Story into all the new years ahead. Amen.



It's Christmas Everywhere

CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY WILL BE CELEBRATED IN GIVING. Some may forget why they give, it has become so much a part of a habit pattern, but the practicing Christian will know and will give with the spirit of Christ in his heart.

What more fitting way to celebrate Christ's Birthday than by giving to those who have been lost in sin, and through His love and understanding are being brought back into the fold again?

CHRISTMAS IS A GALA DAY AT THE BOWERY MISSION. Its great Christmas Tree glitters with tinsel and stacked under its branches there are gifts for every one from every part of the country. For we have friends—generous friends—who have made the Bowery Mission possible and who have us on their Christmas lists.

One seldom has as many friends as he needs, so we are seeking new friends. We ask you to add the Bowery Mission to your Christmas list—make up a gift package TODAY—for it is growing late. Make your gift package as attractive as any you will have for your own family—for the man of the Bowery has lost his family, and a reminder from you will bring back pleasant memories . . . and may draw him to his family again.

A necktie, a warm scarf, a pair of socks, suspenders, handkerchiefs, warm underwear—these are the things we

suggest as being useful and welcome. Think of any man—your man, when you make up your package.

Of course, Christmas Dinner is the chief event of the day. It will be a feast to the man on the Bowery, whether it is turkey with all the fixings or the cheapest cut of meat, for there will be plenty of food and good friends nearby. The spirit of the day will be in every corner of the Mission and will touch the soul of every one within the building.

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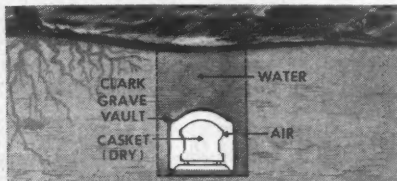
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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 8)

Faith in the reality of the Father's House with rooms for all His children, lifts men above the power of their persecutors. They are not slaves bending fearfully before their masters. With David they can sing, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me . . . and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Often I have thought how little such a hope could mean to one who has no sense of the presence of Christ in his life. These martyrs were not sustained only by the prospect of being forever with the Lord. They were living with Him, every day, every hour. They stepped out into the arena with the assurance that He walked with them. In dark prison cells they were never alone.

A missionary friend, his wife and I were speaking of a fellow pastor who had lost two beautiful children by a dreadful accident. They were all the parents had. Yet they went on with their ministry with triumphant faith. My friend made this brief comment, "They know the Lord." John knew Him. He had laid his head upon His breast. He had felt the warmth of His hand-clasp as he faced persecution and exile. Christ was a present, bright reality to John. When He is that to anyone, however humble, of whatever race or nation, "faith gives substance to things hoped for."

We do not need to understand all the mysteries revealed in this great book. It is enough to know that He awaits us in perfect revelation beyond the river. In such faith there is courage for life or death.

Questions:

Bishop Ordass of the Lutheran Church of Hungary was in this country recently. Recounting the perils and persecutions of his flock, he added: "But there is new faith in God. There is little fear. God always finds His children and provides for them." Did the bishop mean that none would die of starvation? Does God anywhere promise that His disciples will be freed from trouble? Or is the promise one of strength and courage in tribulation? Read 2 Corinthians 12:9.

• Sunday, December 21st

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

ISAIAH 9:2-7; REVELATION 11:15; 15:2-4

IT HAS always been God's chosen problem to help men know what He is like, to know Him. He used many words before He spoke The Word. In nature, visions, sacrifices, prophecies and laws, God was giving man all that he could understand at the time. Isaiah caught a glimmering of that faroff divine event when he wrote, "Unto us a

son is born, unto us a child is given." Then, in perfect human form, God fully revealed Himself.

"No one by searching can find God." Since that first Christmas the need for searching is over. "God is in Christ reconciling. . ."

Last summer my wife and I spent some weeks in Glacier National Park, Montana. We never grew tired of looking at the range on range of huge rocky mountains, their peaks in the clouds, and snow gleaming out of their deep crevasses. How often we found ourselves reciting, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth."

Yet the mountains spoke no word of love. There was justice there, awe-inspiring power. Sometimes they seemed friendly, but quickly their mood would change and they would scowl down upon us, sneering at our littleness.

The Blackfoot Indians, whose reservation borders the park, tell of one of their young chiefs who, many years ago, won his office by climbing Chief Mountain alone, taking a buffalo skull along for a pillow and staying on the top for three days and three nights. They believed each mountain had a spirit and the spirit of Chief sought to push the young Indian off the mountain. He won the battle, conquered the spirit of the mountain and claimed his office.

THE BOOK OF NATURE has been so little understood that those who have read it without the help of the Gospel have drawn caricatures of God and lived in superstition. Survival in nature is by war, not peace.

How different was the Prince of Peace, foreseen by Isaiah as a little child in whom all the beauty and wisdom of God would be revealed! How different the conquering Christ of whom John wrote, King of kings and Lord of lords. He is destined to victory over the world, but first He must find victory over the hearts of men. Not force of arms but persuasion of love will be His dependence for victory.

Hope for peace between nations and races dims in the measure that armed might becomes the only means for security. When Jesus was born we are told that it was the first time the Roman Empire was fully at peace. Such peace is not the peace of God. It is armistice, time free for the preparation of new wars.

However dark the clouds over Europe, Asia and the world, they could not be darker than those above the persecuted, martyred Christians for whom John wrote Revelation. Let us sing our Christmas carols and proclaim our Christmas faith with certainty in our voices.

The Babe of Bethlehem has made our peace with Almighty God through His forgiving love. He has offered us the

formula for peace with all men everywhere. He deals with forces mightier than the might of man, forces destined to victory over all nations. Relying on these spiritual forces, let us celebrate victory for the Prince of Peace this Christmas, drowning the pessimism of the world in angelic anthems. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace for men of good will."

Questions:

Here is a Quaker program for creating a peaceful world. "Building the love of God in men's hearts, healing spiritual and physical wounds of the world, building Christian principles into the nation's domestic and international policies, and working to transform the United Nations from a collective security league enforcing its decisions by war, into a federal world government under law, with power to enforce law and prevent war." This program is being presented by the Friends Peace Board. What do you think of it? How would you modify it?

• Sunday, December 28th

GOD'S ETERNAL RULE

REVELATION 21:1-7, 22-27

ATTEMPTS by great artists to paint the visions of John leave much to be desired. His word pictures are so vivid that their message needs no canvas. Reading great passages like Revelation 21, the symbolism fades and the majestic certainty of John's hope comes to the receptive heart with comfort and courage. I see little bands of Christians, facing persecution and death, and beginning to wonder whether the Gospel could live through the storm. They read together the comforting messages from their spiritual father exiled on Patmos and find courage.

No, Christianity is not to be conquered, but the "new heaven and the new earth" are being founded. "God's Eternal Rule" may be thwarted by sinful men, only for a season. Even as Christ turned a cross into the throne, so will He turn the defeat of His followers into victory. How much we need this confidence today!

"New"—that is the word of progress, the word of hope. The old days are doomed. Even atomic bombs cannot support them. There is the "new birth" by which the grace of God changes men from evil to good. There are the new standards of relationships between men and races and nations. Too clever men call them impractical, and demand realism on the part of the Christian dreamers. There is the new fellowship with God Himself, who dwells among us, as active in contemporary life as He was in His dealings with Israel. There is the new comfort His presence offers and the new destiny for His people.

No more tears, no more pain, no more death—this is the prospect of the

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soul hidden in Christ. There is the new inclusiveness of the New Jerusalem where the gates are always open and the invitation to enter is to all the world. There is the new and perfect fellowship of the Redeemer never to be marred by any uncleanness, or sin or lying.

Much of this glorious prospect may be realized in a more Christian society on earth. But all of it awaits us if we will fearlessly follow Christ, trusting Him and willing to risk our lives on the truth of His gospel.

CARLYLE, in his "French Revolution," wrote: "The first of all gospels is that a lie cannot live forever." There is also an ancient proverb, "Truth seldom goes without a scarred face." Why should we expect to go scarless when Christ bore the scars of the nails, the spear and the crown of thorns? The very scars of the faithful become marks of honor. We cannot half believe in God. We must go all the way or not at all.

God works through us in the introduction of His rule in our communities and in our world. In the visions He gave to John we have the certainty that He is complete where our human powers have faltered. Brave workers for a new and better world have all been supported by this faith.

Do you remember the lad, Huw, in "How Green Was My Valley"? Injured

so that it was believed he would never walk again, his pastor promised: "Some spring when the daffodils are out you will walk." On a spring day his pastor came to take him out among the daffodils. His mother tried to stop him saying, "Why do you torture the boy with false hope?" "Where are your clothes?" asked his pastor. "Under my pillow, sir for these months, ready for today."

It is this simple, childlike faith through which "God's Eternal Rule" can make the kingdoms of this world the Kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. It is such faith that fits us one day to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem. Then the trials of a Christian in an unChristian world will be forgotten in the joy of eternal life in His Presence.

Questions:

Can the Christian's hope of the new life in heaven relieve him of responsibility for an unChristian society? Is there any excuse for withdrawal from the world in order to see to the cultivation of our own souls? What did Jesus mean when He said that we were to be in the world but not of it?

As you look back over the story of 1947, what evidence do you see of progress of the Kingdom of Christ? Have any gains been made for Christ in human relationships? Whatever our conclusions, have we any right to become discouraged?

JOURNEY INTO CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 21)

ously a part of her capable daughter's service to humanity.

Jean, Jeanie and her husband, Roy, lived in Chicago. Jeanie was a great family girl and certainly would have come out home, but the two little boys were in quarantine.

Lee. The hurt which she had loyally pushed into the back of her mind jumped out again like an unwanted and willful jack-in-the-box. Lee and his Ann could have come. Living in Oklahoma, not too far away, they could have made the trip if they had wished. Or if it had not been convenient for Lee to leave, she could have gone down there to be with them. *If they had asked her.*

The only time Christmas had been mentioned was in a letter, now several weeks old. Lee had mentioned casually that they were going to have company for Christmas. That would be Ann's folks of course. You mustn't be selfish. You had to remember that there were in-laws to be taken into consideration.

Standing there at the window, looking out at the silver night, she remembered how she once thought the family would always come home. In her younger years she had said complacently, "I know my children. They love

their old home and whenever possible they will spend Christmas in it. Of course there will be sickness and other reasons to keep them away at times, but some of the four will always be here." And surprisingly it had been true. Someone had been here every Christmas.

Faintly into her reveries came the far-off sound of bells and she opened the casement window a bit to locate their tinkling. It was the carolers, carrying out the town's traditional singing on Christmas Eve.

She closed the window and drew the drapes, as though unable to bear the night's white beauty and the poignant notes of young voices.

"I'm alone . . . I'm alone . . . it's Christmas Eve and I'm alone." Her mind repeated it like some mournful raven with its "nevermore."

Suddenly she caught herself by a figurative grip. "Now, listen," she said to that self which was grieving. "You are not a weak person and you're not neurotic. You have good sense and understanding and even humor at times. How often have you criticized people for this very thing?"

She walked over to the radio and turned it on, but when "Silent Night . . . Holy Night" came softly forth, she snapped it off, afraid she would break down and weep like an old Niobe.

"Oh, go on . . . feel sorry for yourself

If you want to. Go on. Do it." She smiled again wryly, and knew she was trying to clutch at humor, that straw which more than once had saved her from drowning in troubled waters.

She went over to her desk and got out the four last letters from the children, although she knew their contents thoroughly.

There was the fat one from Don and Janet with young Ralph's hastily scribbled sixth-grade enclosure. They said the poinsettias were up to the back porch roof, that the Christmas parade had been spectacular, and that they would all be thinking of her on Christmas day when they drove to Laguna Beach.

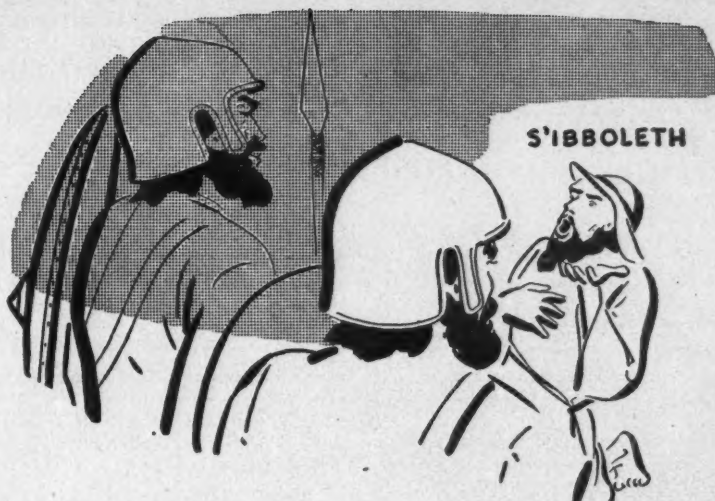
Then the letter from Jeanie. She had been experiencing one of those times which mothers have to expect, but they were over the hump now and although still in quarantine, she thought Bud could be dressed and Larry sit up by Christmas day. They would all miss the annual trip out home but would be thinking of her.

Ruth's letter was a series of disconnected notes written in odd moments at her desk. Almost one could catch a whiff of hospital odors from them. They were filled with plans for the nurses, the carols, the trees for the convalescents, but as always she would think, too, of home and mother on Christmas day.

From Lee and Ann, nothing but that three-, no, four-weeks-old letter with its single casual reference to Christmas. There was a package from them under the tree, attractively packed and addressed in Ann's handwriting. It, too, had been here for weeks. But no recent letter. No special. No wire. No "We will be thinking of you" as the others had written. She tried to push the hurt back and close the lid on it, but she could not forget it was there.

She put the letters away and went into the living room. It looked as big as Grand Central Station. Last year there had been eleven sitting in these chairs which tonight were as empty as her heart. Half ashamed at her child-ishness in trying to create an illusion, she began pulling them out to form the semicircle of last year when the big tree had been its pivotal point. She could even recall where each had sat that morning at the opening of the gifts. Jeanie and Bud on the davenport, Ruth curled up on the hassock, Ann and Lee side by side in the big blue chairs—and on around the circle.

She had to smile again to remember the red rocking-chair which she brought from the storeroom for young Larry. It had been her own little rocker and was fifty-eight years old. A brown tidy hung limply on its cane back, an old-fashioned piece worked in cross-stitch, the faded red letters reading: FOR MARGARET. Larry had



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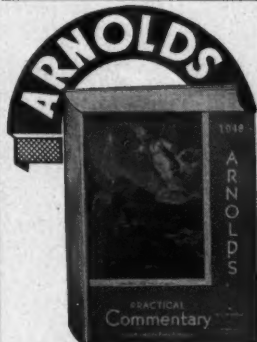
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squeezed into it, but when his name was called and he rose excitedly to get his first present, the chair rose with him and they had to pry him out of it and one of the chair's arms cracked. There had been so much hilarious laughter where tonight was only silence. And silence can be so very much louder than noise.

With the chairs forming their ghost-like semicircle beside her, she turned her own around to the fireplace and sat down to give herself the pleasure and the pain of remembering old Christmases. Swiftly her mind traversed the years, darting from one long gone holiday season to another.

The Christmas before Don was born she and John were in their first new home. They had been very happy that year, just the two of them; so happy in fact that she had felt almost conscience stricken to think she could be contented without her own old family at holiday time. Why, she thought suddenly, that was the way Lee was feeling now, and she could not help a twinge of jealousy at the parting of the ways.

Then Don's first Christmas when he was eleven months old. After these thirty-six years she could still remember how he clutched a big glass marble and would not notice anything else. Strange how such small details stayed in one's mind.

The Christmas before Jeanie was born, when she did not go out to shop, but sent for her gifts by mail, so that the opening of them was almost as much a surprise to her as to the recipients.

Then there was the whooping-cough Christmas, with the house full of medicated steam and all four youngsters dancing and whooping spasmodically around the tree like so many little Indians.

There was the time she bought the big doll for Ruth and when it proved to have a large paint blemish on its leg, she wanted to return it for a perfect one. But Ruth would not hear of it and made neat little bandages for the leg as though it were a wound. It was the first she ever noticed Ruth's nursing instincts.

Dozens of memories flocked to her mind. There had not always been happy holidays. Some of them were immeasurably sad. Darkest of all was the one after John's death, with the children trying to carry out cheerfully the old family customs, knowing that it was what Dad would have wanted. But even in the troubled days there had been warm companionship to share the burden—not this icy loneliness.

For a few moments she sat, unmoving, lost in the memory of that time, then roused herself to continue her mental journeying.

Soon after that dark one, Christmas

was no longer a childish affair. Christmas suddenly ceased to be skates and hockey-sticks and became sorority parties, dresses and fraternity rings, and the house was full of young people home for vacation. Then the first marriage and Don's Janet was added to the circle, then Jeanie brought Roy into it. In time the first grandson . . . and another . . . and a third—all the youthful pleasure of the older members of the family renewed through the children's eyes.

Then came that Christmas when the blast of the ships in their harbor had sent its detonations here into this very living room, as into every one in the country. And though all were here and tried to be natural and merry, only the children were free from foreboding of what the next year would bring. And it brought many changes: Don with his Reserves, Roy enlisting in the

* * * * *

He Is Near

Perhaps, He kneels once more
In dark Gethsemane

To pray

That man may smile and sing again,
And little children laugh at play
And moonlight bless a tired world
At close of day.

Perhaps, He walks
In Africa, in Italy,
In Greece,
Across the nations of the earth,
Unheard, till guns of war shall cease,
His footsteps softly fall; here walks
The Prince of Peace.

We can believe He's near,
Dear comrade, for we know
That prayer
Has lifted us to Him and eased
A grief we held too deep to bear;
Surely, in moments so divine we feel
He has been there.

—Mary Aldrich Beechner

* * * * *

Navy, Lee in the Army. That was the year they expected Lee home from the nearby camp. His presents were under the tree and the Christmas Eve dinner ready, only to have him phone that his leave had been canceled, so that the disappointment was keener than if they had not expected him at all.

Then those dark holiday times with all three boys overseas and Jean and the babies living here at home. Ruth in uniform, coming for one Christmas, calm and clear-eyed as always, realizing perhaps more than the others that at home or abroad, waking or sleeping, Death holds us always in the hollow of his hand.

Then the clouds beginning to lift and, one by one, all coming back, Lee



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the last to arrive. And that grand reunion of last year after all the separations and the fears. All safe. All home. The warm touch of the hand and the welcoming embrace. Pretty Ann added to the circle. The decorating of the tree. The lights in the window. The darting in and out for last minute gift wrapping. The favorite recipes. Old songs resung. Old family jokes retold. Old laughter renewed. In joy and humility she had said, "My cup runneth over."

Recalling all this, she again grew stern with herself. How could one ask for anything more after that safe return and perfect reunion? But the contrast between then and tonight was too great. All her hopes had ended in loneliness. All her fears of approaching age had become true. One could not help the deep depression. The head may tell the heart all sorts of sensible things, but at Christmastime the heart is stronger.

She sat for a long time in front of the fire which had not warmed her. She had been on a long emotional journey and it had left her tired and spent.

From the library, loud and brazen, the phone rang. It startled her for she had never outgrown her fear of a late call. With her usual trepidation she hastened to answer. There was some delay, a far off operator's voice, and then Lee.

"That you, Mother?"

"Yes, Lee, yes. How are you?"

"Fine. Did Jeanie come?"

"No, the boys are still quarantined."

"Ruth?"

"No."

"You there alone?"

"Yes."

"Gosh, that's too bad on the old family night. Well, cheer up. I've got news for you. Our company came. She weighs seven pounds and fourteen ounces."

"What . . . what did you say, Lee?"

"Our daughter arrived, Mom. Four hours ago. I waited at the hospital to see that Ann was all right."

"Why, Lee . . . you never told . . . we never knew . . ."

"It was Ann's idea of a good joke. And listen . . . we named her Margaret . . . for you, Mother. Do you like it?"

"Why, yes . . . yes, I do like it, Lee."

There was more, sometimes both talking at once and having to repeat. Then Lee saying, "We were wondering if you could come down in a couple of weeks. Ann thinks she'd like to have an old hand at the business around. Can you arrange it?"

"Oh, yes, Lee . . . I'm sure I could."

"Good. Well, I'll hang up now. Spent enough on my call . . . have to save my money to send Margaret to college. Be seeing you."

"Lee . . ." In those last seconds she wanted desperately to put into words

all the things her heart was saying. But you cannot put the thoughts garnered from a life of love and service into a sentence. So she only said: "Be a good dad, Lee. Be as good a dad as . . ." She broke off, but he understood.

"I know . . . I'll try. Merry Christmas, Mom."

"Merry Christmas, Lee."

SHE put down the receiver and walked into the living room, walked briskly as though to tell her news, her heart beating with pleasant excitement. The semicircle of chairs confronted her. With physical sight she saw their emptiness. But, born of love and imagination, they were all occupied as plainly as ever eyes had seen them. She had a warm sense of companionship. The house seemed alive with humans. How could they be so real? She swept the circle with that second sight which had been given her. Don over there . . . Ruth on the hassock . . . Jeanie on the davenport . . . Lee and Ann in the big blue chairs . . .

Suddenly she turned and walked hurriedly down the hall to the closet and came back with the little red chair. She pushed the two blue chairs apart and set the battered rocker between them. On the back hung the old brown tidy with its red cross-stitching: FOR MARGARET.

She smiled at it happily. All her numbness of spirit had vanished, her loneliness gone. This was a good Christmas. Why, this was one of the best Christmases she ever had!

She felt a sudden desire to go back to the library, to look out at the silvery garden and up to the stars. That bright one up there—it must be the one that stops over all cradles . . .

Faintly she could hear bells and voices. That would be the young crowd coming back from their caroling, so she opened the window again.

Oh, little town of Bethlehem,

How still we see thee lie . . .

The words came clearly across the starlit snow, singing themselves into her consciousness with a personal message:

Yet in thy dark streets shineth

The everlasting light

The hopes and fears of all the years

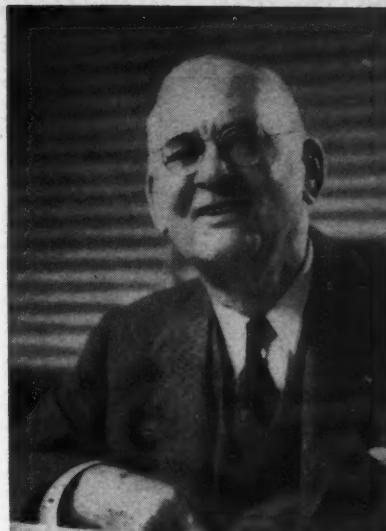
Are met in thee tonight.

The hopes and fears of all the years! She felt the old Christmas lift of the heart, that thankfulness and joy she had always experienced when the children were all together . . . all well . . . all home.

"My cup runneth over."

At the door of the living room she paused to turn off the lights. Without looking toward the circle of chairs, so there might come no disillusion, she said over her shoulder:

"Good-night, children. Merry Christmas. See you early in the morning."



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BLACK SHEEP, WHITE SHEEP

(Continued from page 35)

doctor heard him as she rushed off up the aisle promising, "I won't go to the wedding at all!"

"Gale, darling, wait!" the doctor begged, hurrying after her, but the auditorium door banged shut in his face and you could hear Gale's high heels clattering off down the stairs. As the dominie came up, the hunger in the dapper little man's eyes made you feel ill, for there was no spirit in it, just appetite. "I hope I'm never asked to marry those two," the dominie worried, "for I'd have to refuse."

As he came closer, the doctor heard him and turned, stammering: "Oh, hello, Dominie. I—that is, we—came after the candlesticks for the wedding."

"Bill," the dominie said gently, "why don't you leave her alone? She's no wife for you, and certainly no mother for Connie."

The doctor stared at him and suddenly his face contorted. He said, "God help me, Dominie, I wish I could. I—I guess I've made kind of a mess of things all around. But it's much too late now."

HE WAS QUITE RIGHT, it was already much later than any of them realized, the dominie was to remember later. Even now he found he couldn't concentrate on his sermon. His thoughts kept going back to the strange happenings of the past twenty-four hours: where there was so much smoke there must be some fire; Aggie was right, there was something decidedly wrong up on the Hill. Terry might be spoiled but there must be some stronger reason than pique for his wanting to break up this wedding between Connie and his brother. Was Terry's mind really touched? Naturally, it would be a shock to come back from the dead and find his girl marrying his own brother, but—a gun! Pat had distinctly said that Terry had a gun last night. Whom was he threatening with it? Certainly not his own mother!

Terry was James's son too, as well as Pat's, the dominie reminded himself; maybe that was why he clung so doggedly to what was his. Jim was a good lad, generous, more adult in his emotions than either Connie or Terry; but was he strong enough to hold Connie's respect as well as her love? Neither of James's sons would ever have the ruthless strength of will or body that he had; perhaps it was just as well.

The dominie had a number of sick calls to make that afternoon, and Jehu chose to balk five miles from the parsonage and no amount of jiggling would start him, so finally the dominie had to walk home. It was 7:45 already, with the wedding due at 8:30, when he finally dragged up the parsonage steps and met Aggie, "fit to be tied."

"My grief," she gasped, "where have you been? The organist wants to know what's the signal to begin the wedding march tonight. 'How do I know?' I says, 'He never tells me anything!' " Jim Thomas was here, all upset because he's lost that Jap gun of his. He says it's gone, hide'n hair, only a gun ain't got no hair, has it? It's almost eight—how'm I gonna get dressed and up there to help Mame? Supper's dried to a bone."

This extraordinary recital followed the dominie as he went upstairs to his room, calling back over his shoulder: "I don't want any supper. Call me a taxi, will you Aggie? Jehu's stalled again."

"It's a wonder to me the squirrels don't follow you all over town, the way that thing sheds nuts," Aggie snapped. "There ain't any taxi. They been spoke for by wedding guests for a week."

"I'll have to walk then," the dominie yelled back. "Put some ink on that grapejuice stain on the sleeve of my black gown, will you, Aggie?"

A scandalized wedding guest picked up the dominie, his black gown floating behind him in great wings as he hurried up the Hill, with Aggie, sweating and scolding behind him, and delivered them safely at the White's door at exactly quarter past eight. Cod came putting up to the dominie on his noisy bike as Aggie fled to the kitchen.

"Whew, Dominie, you run it close!" he told him. "Jim'n the best man are stewing in the Doc's office, thinking you'll be late." He leaned closer, murmured: "Terry ain't back yet. I kept a close watch. The back way's got a chain across it so's folks'll have to use the front way, so he'd have to come in here."

"Fine," the dominie said, looking about him admiringly. It was deep dusk and the windows of both houses, the big Victorian Thomas mansion and the long White home, glowed as golden as the fairy lanterns strung across the wide front lawns. Herman had seen to it that gardens were a mass of blooms in the soft light, and their perfume rose like a wedding bouquet. The driveway was black with cars depositing last-minute guests at the front door.

"Must be near a hundred cars or so out in the parking lot," Cod counted proudly, looking out back. As a car turned the corner, its headlights picked out the white statue of Diana, surrounded by tall bushes, and then lost it again. It was cool here, but inside it would be hot, excited. "I'd better go in," the dominie decided, reluctantly. Was there, he asked himself, some deep inner reluctance to face the wedding? Nonsense. He gathered his long robe about him and skirted the cars, to come in at the French doors at the back of the doctor's office.

"Dominie! Where have you been?" Jim cried as he came in. The groom

looked handsome in his white Panama suit—Connie had decreed this for the men of the wedding party—with his gray eyes glowing and color blazing in his high cheek-bones, but there was perspiration on his forehead. He promised, "I'll never get married again, so help me Hannah!"

"There, my boy, it'll be over in a few minutes," the dominie soothed. To big sandy-haired Tod, who was hovering anxiously, he said: "Tell the organist I'm here, will you? And we'll start on the dot if Connie's ready..."

There was the sound of footsteps running on the gravel outside, and the French doors burst open to show Liz standing there, lovely in a trailing yellow dress with a wreath of roses in her brown hair, and dismay on her face. "Bill—the doctor—can't make it!" she wailed. "He phoned, half an hour ago. It's twins—that Murphy woman. He said, if he wasn't back in time, for Mr. Thomas to give Connie away. She's all upset. Wouldn't you just know this would happen?"

"We could wait," Jim began anxiously, but Liz interrupted quickly: "Connie says we'd better go ahead. It might be hours more. I sent word to Mr. Thomas. He was out bossing the caterers." She smiled; James would be bossing someone. She told Jim, "I just put on Connie's veil. She's out of this world."

"What time is it?" Jim groaned, and Tod, his own collar wilting, said fervently, "Steady, chum." It was a relief to them all when the music began its age-old chant of "Tum, tum, ti tum..." Here comes the bride...

Squaring his old shoulders under the black robe, the dominie stepped through the office door into the heat, music, and uneasy excitement of a hundred wedding guests crowded into the hot rooms on a June night to see Connie White marry Jim Thomas. Why did it remind you of a Roman mob watching the gladiators? Something cruel in all those eyes watching so carefully to see if the groom was frightened and the bride—These were friends, he reminded himself.

The altar under the bay window and the wedding arch of flowers were white and silver, the dominie saw. The table, where the Nip gun had lain last night winking malevolently, now held a silver cross and the church candlesticks. What could have happened to Jim's gun? the dominie wondered nervously, taking his place in front of the window where the breeze was blowing in the thick white curtains from the open windows and then thrusting them out again as if a hand had grabbed them. What was the matter with you? You hadn't been so jittery at a wedding in years. But then, you'd rarely been so fond of a bride as you were of Connie.

"Ah!" The crowd drew in its collective breath and let it out again.



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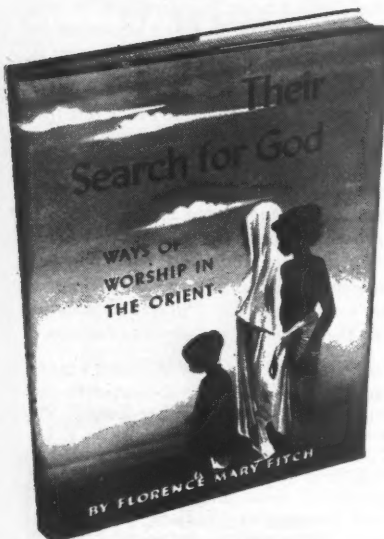
Northwestern University, in June, 1874, Miss Willard turned her full time and brilliant abilities to the Crusade movement. In "Glimpses of Fifty Years," she vividly describes her first Crusading experience:

"We paused in front of our first saloon. * * * The saloonkeeper permitted us to enter. The tall stately lady who led us placed her Bible at the bar and read a Psalm. Then we sang 'Rock of Ages', as I thought I had never heard it sung before, and one of the older women whispered to me softly that the leader wished to know if I would pray.

"It was strange, perhaps, but I felt not the least reluctance, kneeling on that sawdust floor with a group of earnest hearts around me, and behind them—filling every corner and extending out into the street—a crowd of unwashed, unkempt, hard-looking drinking men. I was conscious that never in my life, save beside my sister Mary's dying bed, had I prayed as truly as I did then. It was my Crusade baptism."

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Connie was coming. She had reached the foot of the stairs on James's pompous white arm, and was floating toward you, smiling. No wonder Terry and Jim both loved her. In that sheath of white satin, swaying to the music, she was breath-taking. Her soft dark hair was circled by a wreath of real flowers which held her short veil, and in her small gloved hands she held, not a hot-house bouquet, but a cluster of white roses from her own garden. She might have been a little girl going to her first party. Jim's eyes, as he came up to her, worshipped.

"It's going to be all right, Nathalie," the dominie exulted. "We did right to help her marry Jim."

"Hurry!" Nathalie's voice in his mind was as clear as a warning bell. "Hurry, Johnnie!" So everything wasn't all right yet, after all. The dominie began in his deep voice, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together . . ." Cod's bike popping outside almost drowned out his voice. You'd think he'd have sense enough to keep it still during the ceremony. "Marriage is a joyful estate, instituted in time of man's innocence . . ."

As the familiar words fell from his lips, the dominie had time to look out over the audience, sorting them with his eyes. No, he saw, Gale was not there, as she had threatened . . . Why, that was funny! What was Pat doing standing by the front door, when the groom's mother should be down front with the rest of the wedding party? Her bright silver dress gleamed, and the rhinestones in her blonde hair flashed as she turned her head to look anxiously over her shoulder at a late wedding guest coming in the front door. It was a man with broad shoulders under his rumpled tweed jacket, whose fair hair rose from his forehead like an angry golden crest . . . Dear heaven, it was Terry!

What was Terry going to do here? Did he have his gun? The dominie felt as if all the breath had been suddenly squeezed out of his lungs, but there was nothing to do but go on. "Do you Connie, have this man to be your wedded husband?" If Terry was going to make a scene, now was the time. The crowd was intent upon the wedding couple but any instant now they might look back, see Pat with her hand on Terry's arm, urging him . . . The dominie, trembling, braced himself, but no sound came but that of his own voice, and when he looked again Terry was gone, and Pat was still standing there, her mouth a red gash in her white face. Just a few seconds more and it would be all over.

"I pronounce you husband and wife," the dominie ended thankfully. As Jim swept Connie hungrily in his arms and the guests murmured, the dominie caught hold of the table in front of him to steady himself. No one but Pat and you likely would ever know what a

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close call this had been. He added fervently to the wedded pair, "And may the Lord keep and bless you both. Amen."

It was only then that he realized that his forehead was beaded with perspiration, and under his long black robe he was dripping wet. You had to get a breath of air . . . He moved through the wedding guests coming up to congratulate the bridal couple, and gained the front door.

He was just stepping out into the grateful darkness when Liz's voice said behind him: "Connie and Jim make a wonderful pair, don't they? I wish Bill could have seen them married! I thought I'd look out in the parking lot to see if there were any signs of him there before I shook hands with all this gang."

"I'll go with you," the dominie offered gallantly, as she picked up her long yellow skirts. He longed to get off alone just for an instant, but after all, Liz mustn't go trailing off into the night. They threaded their way across the lawn, among the refreshment tables, and out back to the parking lot, and suddenly Liz cried: "Why there's Bill's car. Out back of the Diana!"

She hurried across the gravel and now the dominie, following, could see the back of the doctor's big blue Packard, half hidden by the Diana. A blue fender and the rear bumper with its white cross were protruding from the bushes.

"He must have come in the back way," Liz said, puzzled. She called, "Is that you, Bill?" and when there was no answer, she began to run, holding her dress, and stumbling on her high heels among the cabbages, toward the Diana, calling anxiously as she ran, "Bill, Bill!"

As the dominie came up behind her, she was standing with her hand on the car door peering inside, puzzled because she could see someone sitting there in the dimness, but he hadn't answered. Was he sick? She reached past him to switch on the dashlight—and screamed, "Bill!"

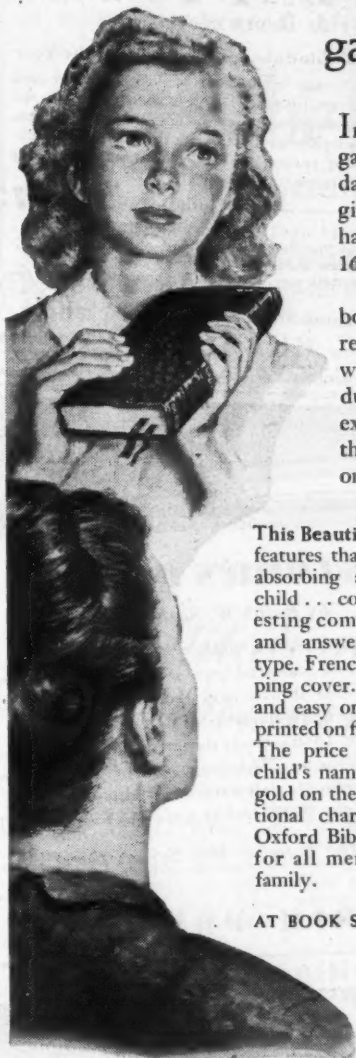
The dominie caught her limp body as it slumped against his, and stared beyond her into the front seat, and horror gripped him like a sickness. He must have cried out too, for a waiter came running from the lawn, took one look, dropped his tray and began to yell, "Help! Police!" His cry seemed to gather strength till the vast throat of the night cried out with animal, elemental terror.

The dominie lifted Liz in his arms that felt weak as water, and suddenly the grounds were alive with people running toward the car.

"Keep Connie away!" the dominie gasped. For that agonized bloody face, bowed over the steering wheel, was her father's! And you needed no doctor to tell you he was dead.

(To be continued)

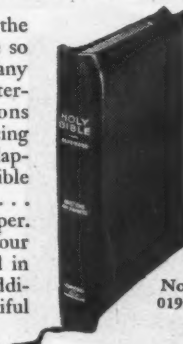
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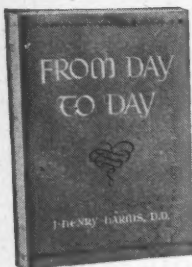
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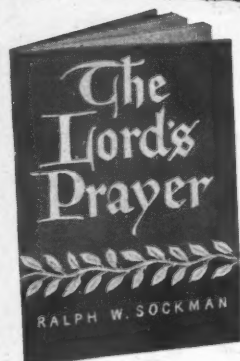
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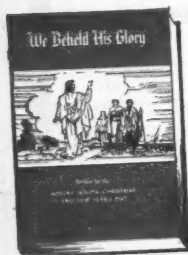
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by DANIEL A. POLING

SO DEAR TO MY HEART, by
Sterling North. (Doubleday, 255 pp.
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WHEN I first read this exquisite beautiful story, I wrote: "Here is a significant, dynamic novel. It is another 'Yearling', but never anything quite like it has been written before. I have no reason to change my judgment now, but 'So Dear to My Heart' will never be confused with any other American novel. It stands quite alone. I think, as a superb and, indeed, unique delineation of pioneer character in remote America. Sterling North has written the saga of Cat Hollow and, with sustained artistry, has created in literature a fragment of our national life that will, I believe, become a recognized classic. Clean as a hound's tooth, here is a book that should have a universal appeal. Definitely it is a juvenile, equally it belongs with volumes of experimental religion. Also, it has the adventure flavor, and for psychologists—particularly psychoanalysts—it should be required reading. But chiefly, and always, it is a whale of a story!"

SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE, edited
by Dr. Morris Fishbein. (Doubleday
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A MONUMENTAL volume edited by distinguished scholars. In their field these contributors make up a roster previously unequalled in training and achievement. Religion and particularly the Roman Catholic Church will vigorously attack much that appears between these backs. In some instances, at least, great traditions if not dismissed are questioned and rebuked. I regret that it is even intimated that a shared sex experience previous to marriage may become the recognized escape of modern society from the rising tide of divorce and married unhappiness. But there is one omission that if not corrected will leave the volume incomplete—marriage as a sacrament or even as a religious ceremony is not presented.

However, the volume is vastly more than a challenge to the basic Christian and religious married tradition, if indeed it is such a challenge. It is a scientific appraisal of, with a realistic and documented constructive program for, the mated life of man and woman. It is a 20th Century library for a successful marriage. Particularly it is a "must" volume for doctors and surgeons.

social workers and educators, clergymen and all scientists in the field of the humanities. Highly provocative, it will stimulate thought where there has been too little of it. It demands your better answer to the questions it raises and for which these sincere writers produce their own answers. Perhaps on a hundred pages I found myself challenging the conclusions or profoundly disagreeing with them, but even these pages have often clarified my own thinking when they have not confirmed my conclusions. The book itself has strengthened rather than weakened the basic convictions of my Christian faith, particularly where that faith centers in marriage and the family.

DECENTRALIZE FOR LIBERTY.
by Thomas A. Hewes. (Dutton, \$3.00)

THIS book—revolutionary, dynamic and convincing—is another “Age of Reason” or a second “Das Kapital.” After reading it for review, I reached the conclusion that the author may be the Karl Marx of our time (though his philosophy is another thing altogether), but with the motivation of an Apostle Paul. He comes close to convincing you that civilization’s ultimatum is “Decentralize or perish,” and that these are Freedom’s last two alternatives. But in writing of profound things, he writes with simplicity, which is the final test of sound scholarship. Certainly his training and experience in law, history and human relations justify a careful reading. In these pages both freedom and democracy are exalted, but in terms of individual initiative, opportunity and responsibility. The author gives the most convincing answer to the menace of the machine out of control, and to bigness without a soul, that I have yet read.

“Decentralize For Liberty” charts a road to survival for the American way of life and for American spirit and genius. But beyond this, it opens a door to the more abundant life for men, women and little children, without regard. The man writes with the concern of an evangelist for the souls of his congregation. Confronted by the atomic peril, he believes that he has the only “defense.” Every American who can read should read this book. Particularly every American with a concern for the home and church, for personal as well as public morality, should read this book—should read it *now*. Finally, every American who values what the Declaration of Independence announced to the world and what the Constitution of the United States pledged to Americans then and now, should read this book.

THE MONEYMAN, by Thomas B. Costain. (Doubleday, 434 pp., \$3.00)

PERHAPS all that needs to be written is just this—another and characteristic romantic novel by the author of “The Black Rose.” With the deft touches of the superb artist that he is, Thomas B. Costain paints the portrait of the most cowardly ingrate of royal history, King Charles VII. But he does

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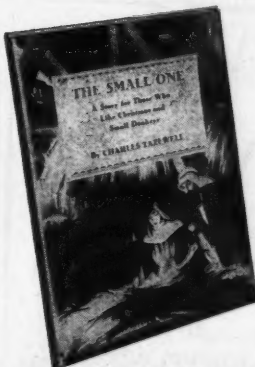
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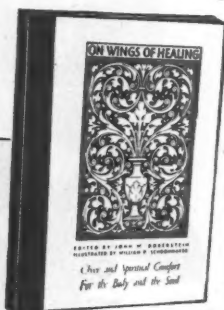
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VAIN SHADOW, by Hartzell Spence (Whittlesey House, 432 pp., \$3.00)

HERE is the story of a Spaniard in South America that has waited to be told. Orellana's discovery of the Amazon is an epic tale, and as Hartzell Spence builds it into a romantic biography, it becomes a historical novel of first and permanent rank. Perhaps no writer in our time has made the ordeal of early adventure in the New World at once so incredible and appalling, yet so convincing. A love that he followed from the jungles of Peru across what is now Brazil and beyond the Atlantic to ancient Seville, a love that in the face of tragic disillusionment he did not surrender nor deny, makes of Orellana one of fiction's most tragic and compelling figures. The contrast between the missionary Jesuit at his best and worst—is strikingly portrayed. Endless details of camp life and jungle warfare in a new and unfriendly world are etched into literary beauty on these pages. The author believes that Orellana, generally accepted history to the contrary, was a prophet of brotherhood who practiced his faith among the exploited natives; that in an angry, brutal time he was a devout churchman infinitely more Christian than his Church. By every test, "Vain Shadow" is a novel for the entire family.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

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WHAT THE HEART KNOWS

(Continued from page 27)

"What's the joke?" asked the father as he joined them.

"Look at the runt!" said Jonas.

"Whose is he?" the father asked.

"Mine."

"Yours?"

"Josephus gave him to me."

"That's right," said the keeper, coming up at that moment. "He's no good to me. He's got a game leg. The boy's welcome to him. The beast can't last long."

"Why not?" Tim's voice was harsh with apprehension.

"Well, without a mother—"

"All he needs is someone to take care of him." The boy was defiant. He looked from one man to the other. His eyes came to rest pleadingly on his father's face.

"You can keep him," the father nodded. "But don't be surprised if he dies."

LIKE MOST SHEPHERDS, little Tim was a light sleeper, and many a night, as he sat on the hill-side near the sheep and watched the stars, he slept not at all. And always now he had the companionship of his beloved Estobal. Estobal was the name he had given the donkey.

Although the little animal grew amazingly stronger day by day, Tim's big, coarse brother Jonas would tease him, saying: "Got any dwarfs around? That's his size. Look at him! He couldn't carry a sack of meal."

Rough laughter would fill the air and Tim would wince. Then he would catch Luke's eyes upon him, and Luke would wink one eye and then the other.

That was Luke's way of saying, "Don't mind Jonas." And the boy would let out his breath and wink back.

"How far do you think he could travel?" Jonas demanded one day. "A mile? Two miles? Tell me that, Tim." "I bet he'd get to Egypt," Tim declared.

Jonas laughed, slapping his thigh. "Do you know where Egypt is? How far is it? That little runt could never get to Egypt."

"He might," said Luke, "but he'd never get back."

This time it was Tim who laughed, boisterously. The brothers looked at him in amazement.

"That would be all right," he chuckled, "I have a friend in Egypt."

"A friend, you say, boy?" asked Luke. "Sure," said Jonas. "The trader. Remember?"

"Oh, the Egyptian. El Harib. He's a nice fellow, that." Luke turned to Tim. "Night is falling, lad. Better get to bed, you and your Estobal."

Tim grinned as he walked toward the house, the donkey close beside him. He never minded Luke. Luke's laughter was always pleasant. He didn't even mind Jonas now. He was happy. He wasn't lonely any more. He had a friend of his own.

By the small oil lamp close to his lambskin couch, Tim looked at a bit of parchment. Wouldn't his brothers be surprised if they knew he had it! It was addressed to El Harib in Egypt. The Egyptian had given it to him the second time his father and brothers had taken him to market with them. El Harib had said, "If you ever need help with the donkey, lad, have a message written on this and give it to a passing trader."

TIM LOVED THE NIGHT with its soft sounds. He loved the stars and knew their names and the courses they followed. All of which he passed on to Estobal. He would lie on the ground, the donkey beside him, his arm around the shaggy coat, his mouth close to one of the big ears. There was such a close bond between them that a slight motion of the donkey's head conveyed a meaning to the boy.

One night, when only a crescent moon hung in the sky, Tim and Estobal went for a long walk over the hills. It was very late when they came to the narrow road bounding the property of Tim's father. The donkey put his head beneath the boy's arm as if he wanted to be loved.

As they stood there, the silence was broken by a soft sound, the muted fall of footsteps on the turf, and soon around the bend in the road came a man leading a donkey with someone on its back. When they drew near, it turned out to be a woman holding a small bundle to her breast. The travelers stopped beside the gate. The man



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was breathing hard from fast walking, and the woman began glancing anxiously behind her.

The donkey stretched his neck, and the boy and beast went up to them. "Peace be unto you," called Tim in his clear boy's voice.

The man peered at him, then turned to the woman. "It's only a lad, Mary. There's nothing to fear."

"You seem tired, sir," said Tim. "Will you rest the night at my father's house?"

"I cannot," said the man. "There are enemies abroad. Those who seek the babe."

Tim strained to see the bundle in the woman's arms. "Is that a baby?"

"Yes," said Mary. "I wish the lad could see him, Joseph."

"It's too dark for that, my love. We will go on. The darkness is our protection."

"Where are you going, sir?" Tim asked.

The man sighed. "Somewhere a long

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way off."

"But your feet are lame. You cannot travel far."

"I must, my son. The life of the little one depends upon it."

"Let me walk a while," said Mary, leaning forward.

"No, no! You must save what little strength you have."

Tim felt a nudge behind him and moved closer. "Is someone chasing you?" he asked the woman, who was young and slender.

"Yes," and a shiver ran through her. "We've come a long way. My husband has reached the end of his strength." She bent down, searching the boy's upturned face. "We can trust no one."

Behind them a harsh sound shattered the stillness of the night. The man called Joseph stiffened.

"That's only my donkey," said Tim. "He wants to go with you. He talks to me like that. He's not a strong donkey, and he's so little he couldn't carry anyone very far."

Joseph stroked the donkey's head, his hand firm and caressing. "Thank

you, my boy. We'll go on as we came." Then he busied himself with making his wife more comfortable.

Estobal pushed close to Tim, touching the boy's cheek with his long nose. Tim seemed to understand the meaning behind the gesture. He put his arm around the little donkey's neck.

"Don't go," he breathed softly. "I couldn't spare you, Estobal."

The donkey stretched its neck and swung its head from side to side.

A sudden thought struck Tim. Suppose they're going to Egypt! Egypt was a long way off—farther off than the market. Luke and Jonas had said so. Luke had said Estobal could make it—but he'd never get back.

The donkey pawed the ground with one foot.

"I'd never see you again," said the boy, a catch in his throat. He raised his head and looked at his friend. The donkey didn't look small tonight; he didn't look feeble. He held his head high. "Perhaps, perhaps..." Tim cast the thought from him. It was too terrible.

The man turned toward the boy. "We're ready now. Good-night, lad."

Tim watched the tiny procession pass beyond the gate. Then he put his head on the donkey's side and wept aloud. "You want to go Estobal! I know you do. But I'd die..."

The donkey nuzzled him and Tim raised his eyes. The donkey was not looking at him but down the dark road.

Tim tugged at the bridle. "Come now, Estobal. We must go back."

The donkey did not move. Tim pulled on the bridle again with swift, impatient jerks. But the donkey stood his ground.

Tim whistled softly. That summons always brought the donkey to him. Now its ears twitched a little. That was all. The donkey was half turned away from him, still looking down the road.

"Estobal, you really want to go! Don't you, Estobal?" The words were slow and measured.

Quickly Tim swung around, the bridle tight in his hand. Down the road he ran, a willing Estobal beside him. What had to be done must be done quickly.

"Traveler," he shouted as loudly as he could. "Wait! Wait!"

The man halted.

"Here's my donkey," Tim called out breathlessly. "He *wants* to go with you."

The man stared.

Without knowing that he spoke, the words tumbled out of Tim's mouth. "He could carry the woman—the woman and the baby."

"Heaven bless you, lad!" said the woman softly. "Now you can ride too, Joseph."

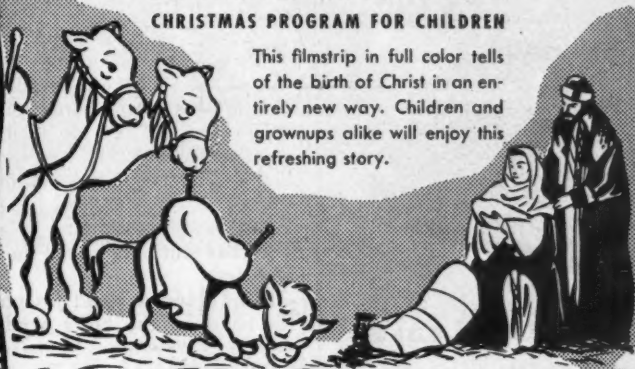
"He's your pet, is he not?" Joseph's voice was hesitant.

Tim swallowed a sob that was rising

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in his throat. "I do love the donkey, sir. I love him dearly. And he knows it. But he wants to go with you." Tim's words came rapidly.

The man was undecided. "Do take him, sir." Tim's voice broke. He moved quickly to the woman's side. In the dim light he saw her smile of joyous relief, and Tim smiled back.

The man was still silent. "I think he could go as far as Egypt, sir."

"Egypt!" Joseph exclaimed. "Yes, Egypt." The boy fumbled in his pocket. "I have a friend in Egypt." He thrust a bit of parchment into Joseph's hand. "Ask for El Harib," he went on eagerly. "He'll keep you overnight. And you can leave the donkey there."

Joseph still hesitated. "I believe the Lord has sent him," came the low voice of Mary.

"God grant it," said Joseph. He put his hand on the boy's head. "Thank you, lad. We will take him."

Mary leaned toward Tim. "Will you hold the little one, while I dismount?"

Tim reached up and took the small bundle. What a little baby! A tiny hand reached out and touched his own, sending a feeling of tenderness through Tim's whole body. He returned the baby to its mother, who now sat on the back of beloved Estobal.

Tim went to the donkey; his hand caressed the long ears; his lips brushed the soft nose. "Goodbye. Goodbye, Estobal," he whispered.

Joseph mounted the other donkey, and the little party started off.

Tim did not watch. He turned his back and ran up the hillside, careful not to sob aloud. The moon was blotted out by a cloud, and Egypt was a long, long way off.

IN THE MORNING, after a sleepless night, Tim could eat no breakfast, but no one noticed that. His father, the shepherd, had news today.

"A courier of the king rode by."

Tim sat very still.

"Early this morning."

"Who was he after this time?" asked Luke.

"An Israelite and a babe."

Tim's heart was racing in his breast.

"Those rats always get their quarry," said Jonas.

"Didn't this time," the shepherd said. Tim's heart gave a wild leap. It seemed to be beating all over his body.

"They say it's the promised Messiah, that child," the shepherd went on.

Tim dropped the cup he had in his hand, then bent to recover it. A surge of unspeakable joy went through him. He had touched that baby hand and not known whose hand it was! But Estobal had known. He had always known! Estobal would get to Egypt. The little Messiah was safe. THE END

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PORTRAIT OF A PREACHER

(Continued from page 20)

When a burlesque house tried to infiltrate the neighborhood some years ago, Dr. Johnson really went to town. He made it plain from the pulpit that Baptists and strip-tease artists don't and won't mix. He whipped up such a radio storm that the alarmed city fathers stumbled all over each other in their haste to rescind the show's license.

A liquor store that slipped in across the street from his church was a tougher foe because it gained a foothold before Dr. Johnson could act. He put on his verbal brass knuckles, however, and ultimately hammered out another victory. He routed his enemies by threatening at prayer meeting to take up the destructive technique of Carrie Nation. The prospect of the burly Dr. Johnson advancing on their store with an axe was too terrifying for the liquor people.

By and large, Dr. Johnson lives in harmony with the surrounding movie houses. He admits that the "moving picture industry is here to stay." He even recommends to his congregation "good, clean, wholesome comedies" and films like "The Ten Commandments."

Movies given over to "sex and drink and vile filth" are entertainment of a different stripe. In 1934, after a vacation in California, Dr. Johnson trained his heavy artillery on Hollywood, which he described as "the greatest educational center for sin in the world." He praised the Catholic Church's Legion of Decency for threatening to boycott movies unless the industry clean up. More recently, he has applauded the tireless—and fruitful—efforts of the powerful Protestant Motion Picture Council in its positive approach to the problem of getting better films.

Dr. Johnson has been a member of the St. Louis Board of Education since 1943. He long served as its vice-president and prime mover, and in October was elected its president. School executives like to have him sponsor their favorite projects. His eloquence and determination give any measure a better-than-average chance of winning approval.

Dr. Johnson led a successful fight to increase the salaries of St. Louis teachers. He is particularly interested in new educational techniques and encourages the use of movies and radio as teaching aids.

Relations between Dr. Johnson and St. Louis newspapers have not been overly cordial since he joined the B. of E., in large part because Dr. Johnson is one member who talks back to the press. Early in his board career Dr. Johnson excoriated the newspapers for the suspicion with which they regarded the board. Competent men and women, he said, are afraid to take the unpaid board jobs because all they can expect is unfavorable publicity.

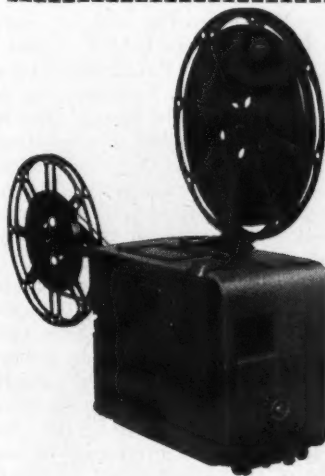


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When the newspapers kept on criticizing, Dr. Johnson succeeded in barring reporters from board meetings. This set off one of the most anguished editorial screams in St. Louis history. The newspapers referred darkly to "secret meetings." They implied that all sorts of questionable things were going on behind closed doors.

Dr. Johnson became as thoroughly aroused as the papers. He took to the air to tell St. Louisans what really was going on. "The newspapers have undertaken to run the business of the schools," he declared. "I understand we were elected for that purpose."

The Baptist pastor made a distinct impression on his board colleagues at his first meeting. At dinner before their business session, Dr. Johnson noted that some of the members ordered beer. He observed tartly that he didn't think beer was needed to discuss public school affairs.

When no beer was served at the next meeting, one member protested bitterly. But Dr. Johnson continued to insist on dry dinners. Members who needed a drink, he said, could get it before dinner.

Dr. Johnson's attitude towards alcohol is one of unyielding opposition. He admires Alcoholics Anonymous, for example, and has entertained its members at his church. But he points out that they are concerned with the "reclamation" of drunks. Wouldn't it be wiser, he asks, to prevent drunkenness entirely?

Dr. Johnson is a Southern Democrat, but he seldom mixes in politics. When he does, however, it is with his customary vigor. He once helped re-elect a St. Louis County Prosecuting Attorney. The prosecutor had been run off a highway and injured shortly after he had jailed two members of a notorious gang of kidnapers and blackmailers. After the accident, his enemies began a whispering campaign: The prosecutor had not been forced off the road; he had driven into a ditch while drunk.

This story fell on many deaf ears, but not Dr. Johnson's. He jumped into the campaign with this statement: "If the time has come when a law-abiding citizen must keep his mouth shut when an officer of the courts is injured for performing his duty, then the time has come for a change in our method of law enforcement! . . . It is time some of us crawled from our shells. . . . Ministers should not take part in politics. But there is an issue far bigger than a political party confronting this incident."

Dr. Johnson's exuberant personality makes him the center of attention wherever he goes. He is a perpetually jolly man and his good humor is contagious. He meets people easily and makes them chuckle right away. To free-wheeling Dr. Johnson, a man is "brother" and a woman "sister" whether he has known them for five minutes or five years.

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Like Jim Farley, the new president of the Baptist World Alliance has a fly-paper memory for names and faces. Frequently he spots some out-of-town friend in his congregation and introduces him. Each of the 6300 members of Third Baptist Church receives a birthday card from his pastor.

People who match wits with Dr. Johnson rarely come out on top. He is a master of repartee. Few after-dinner humorists go out of their way to exchange quips with him more than once.

The gregarious Dr. Johnson probably knows more people than any other man in St. Louis. As friendly and uninhibited as a professional hotel greeter, he is an important personality in the Masonic and Kiwanis Clubs. When in the city, he speaks almost every night before some civic or religious group. His day-time schedule is almost as heavy. When he doesn't address a service club, chances are he lays a cornerstone, dedicates a building or presides at some pre-convention devotional service.

Dr. Johnson attended the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary after he received a diploma from Carson-Newman College at Jefferson City, Tenn. An old friend recalls that Dr. Johnson was a heavy cigarette smoker before he entered the seminary. He stopped then and hasn't smoked since. Before he was called to St. Louis in 1931, Dr. Johnson occupied pulpits in Long Beach and Los Angeles, Cal., Campbellsburg, Ky., and Tacoma, Wash. In Tacoma he was named one of the city's five most useful citizens. During his second year in St. Louis he was elected president of the Northern Baptist Convention. Three years later he became head of St. Louis' Metropolitan Church Federation. In 1945, as national chairman of a committee of 1000 to forward the World Mission Crusade of Northern Baptists, Dr. Johnson directed the raising of \$16,163,601 in 18 months. Last year he was elected first vice-president of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Dr. Johnson and his wife have three children: the Rev. Ralph M. Johnson, a Baptist minister in Yakima, Wash.; Dr. Frank C. Johnson, a physician, and Miss Ruth Elaine Johnson, an airline dispatcher.

A friend relates a story that gives a good insight into Dr. Johnson's magnetic zeal. He and the Baptist leader were having lunch in a crowded cafeteria when a woman brought her tray to their table. Dr. Johnson quickly discovered that she didn't go to church. He asked her to give Third Baptist a try. She did. Today she is one of its most active members.

That is just a sample of the hearty brand of always-at-it evangelism which has made Third Baptist great and its pastor world-renowned. If the World Alliance, of which C. Oscar Johnson is the new head, can and will keep up with him, it will go places! THE END

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NEW GLORY FOR OLD GLORY

(Continued from page 26)

The classic lines of J. G. Holland were never more challenging than now: "God give us men. A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who have honor—men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagog

And scorn his treacherous flattering without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking."

Yes, we need men like this, but our greatest need is for men who know and believe God's Word; men who will rule in the fear of God.

The first question about all candidates for public office should be: "Do these men know their God, and will they rule in the fear of God?"

Christian rulers need to know their Bible better than any other book. Large portions of the Bible are filled with instructions for nations and rulers, what they are to do, and how they are to serve.

For the most part, this instruction is discarded by statesmen of the world today. It is time we put the Bible back into our Government, time that our statesmen began to make their decisions on all moral questions on the basis of the authority of God's holy Word.

In "The Christ of the American Road," Dr. E. Stanley Jones speaks of the fading of Christianity from our national life. He tells of a cartoon in which Uncle Sam, standing on the Ship of State, turns and says to the representatives of the Christian faith, "It is your business to keep off from the Ship of State the barnacles of greed, selfishness, and dishonesty."

"And that was supposed to be a compliment to religion," says Jones. "It was to keep off the barnacles, but was to have nothing to say about the directing of the ship!"

All religious practices, all church services and pious observances mean nothing at all unless they result in the willingness of individuals like you and me to surrender our lives to Christ, to let Him guide us in our decisions, to let Him lead us in action, and to look to Him for the power to do His will.

In this country there is a shoe manufacturer named Johnson who has no trouble whatsoever in his factory. His relations with labor are excellent. Strikes are unheard of. And why? Because he determined in his business to do what was right and to treat his em-

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ployees as Christ directed he should.

That spirit in his business is a model and an example to the Nation. The same results could obtain in a coal mine if the owner thoroughly surrendered to Christ, began to run his coal mine according to Christ's guidance; if the owner determined that in his mine every invention and device of modern science would make the mine as safe as is humanly possible; if he determined that for the comfort of the miners bathing facilities would be provided on the premises; if he made up his mind that the miners' homes would be equipped with all modern conveniences, and that the commissary would be stocked with goods at the price levels existing elsewhere; if he felt a concern for the welfare of his men and their families, in seeing that hospitals and schools were available.

I am not suggesting that the whole responsibility for labor unrest lies upon employers, but I do say without fear of contradiction that where employers are God-guided men, where they are filled with the spirit of Christ, and where they are willing to run their business as Christ would run them, their labor troubles are almost always either non-existent or negligible.

It has been proved that where labor union leaders come face to face with such a spirit, their own spirit of rebellion and hostility and suspicion, their unreasonable attitudes and the hatred in their hearts, melt and vanish.

"It is a beautiful theory," you may say, "and it would be fine if that were so. However, human nature being what it is, there's more to it than that."

But I am here to say that human nature can be changed, and human nature *must* be changed if this Nation is to survive, and if she is to become what the founding fathers intended her to become.

I know perfectly well, nevertheless, that there can never be a new spirit in America until it begins with you and me—in our homes, in our business, in our friendships, and in our relations with other people.

And so, in the form of a few questions, I would focus my plea first to myself and then to you: "Is Christ the head of your home? Does He guide your decisions? Do you consult Him about your problems? Are you honestly trying every day to do what Christ wants you to do?"

You must answer those questions for yourself; no one else can answer for you. But not until your answer is "yes" is there much hope that this nation can become God's own country.

It is only through God-guided lives, it is only by applying Christ's solutions to the problems that plague us, it is only by living under His blessing and guidance, that we can ever hope to add any new glory to Old Glory. THE END

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Film Reviews and Ratings by the
PROTESTANT
MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

FOR the first time since the Protestant Motion Picture Council has been offering its guidance service to Christian filmgoers, we turn from strictly "entertainment" films to find our Picture of the Month in the religious field.

The Council's choice of "Beyond Our Own," initial production of the Protestant Film Commission, is not made primarily because we are interested in religious films and are eager to promote their wider use. It is made because here, at long last, is a movie which not only has a great and important theme but which compares favorably in production excellence with entertainment motion pictures at their best.

Ever since it was announced many months ago that the Protestant Film Commission was to engage in film production, we have awaited its first release. "Beyond Our Own" justifies our patience and fulfills our hopes. It is especially timed to accord with the emphasis currently being placed on evangelism by various denominations, by the Home Missions Council and the Federal Council of Churches' Department of Evangelism. And it is especially keyed to the efforts of all churches affiliated with the Missionary Education Movement, since evangelism is 1948's Missionary Study Theme. Nobody but the most persistently abstruse can see this picture and fail to gain a better understanding of the meaning, activities and results of evangelical effort.

Dramatically, "Beyond Our Own" is vivid and gripping. It has a well-integrated story, one that moves swiftly to its climax with no pauses or time-outs to belabor you with a preachment. Technically, it has skilled direction, capable acting, authentic settings. And spiritually, it stirs the finest emotions and moves upon the will with strong persuasion.

Briefly, the story concerns two brothers with opposing outlooks on life. Peter (played by Charles Russell) is motivated entirely by selfish ambition. Bob (DeForest Kelly) responds to the high and clear call of Christian service, going to China as a medical missionary. When Peter's son is killed in an auto accident and

"Beyond Our Own"



After witnessing the death of a Christian Chinese, the Light enters the selfish, materially minded soul of Peter, at the altar of a bombed-out missionary church.

his world topples about him, friends persuade him to seek solace in a trip abroad. In China he watches his brother in action among afflicted Chinese children, and begins for the first time to see inside the soul of selflessness. During a bombing raid on the hospital, his slowly maturing conviction is galvanized into decision as he sees how a Chinese Christian dies. Back home he goes, a changed man, to advocate stewardship for the support of missions and to instill ideals of Christian sacrifice into his fellow-churchmen.

"Beyond Our Own" was produced in Hollywood for the Protestant Film Commission by the Apex Film Corporation. Available in both 35mm and 16mm, it runs for 40 minutes. Following its simultaneous premiere in 100 cities on November 10th, it is being made available through denominational film depots and book stores, the Religious Film Association, and commercial distributors. A, Y, C

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young People 12 to 18;
C—Children under 12.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

THE BISHOP'S WIFE (RKO). You may have noted that Hollywood here lately has been doing quite a bit of entertaining of

"angels"—and not at all unawares. They are brought in again and again to solve mortals' problems and help unravel scriptwriters' plots. The device was diverting when it first was used in such pictures as "It's A Wonderful Life," but by now it is a little frayed.

Latest of the "angels" to grace Hollywood sets is Cary Grant, who in this picture appears in the nick of time to get a harassed bishop back on the beam. The bishop (David Niven) is ridden with vexations and frustrations in his ambition to build a magnificent cathedral. The heavenly visitant—unfortunately a little more earthy than most—brings the bishop back to his early passion to help the common people into the more abundant life. That's good, the moral being sound. And the picture is well-acted and on the whole entertaining.

We do, however, deplore not only this loose employment of the guardian-angel motif but also the free use of the word "miracle" in depicting some of Angel Grant's achievements (such, for example, as his replenishing of an impecunious professor's supply of wine). A, Y, C

THE FOXES OF HARROW (20th Century-Fox). This rates a mark of "superior" for its lavish settings and lovely photography, a "passing" mark for Rex Harrison's acting as the debonair gambler, a teacher's remonstrance for the over-long, often dull, and too-involved script—and a sad head-shake at any producer who tries to make a decent picture out of such a melange of gambling, drinking, slave-owning, voodoo and loose episodes generally. A, Y

OUT OF THE PAST (RKO). A low-grade film of racketeer life in which almost every member meets with violent death. The final motivation which might redeem the unsavory plot is in doubt, and there is no apparent solution offered. **A**

RIDE THE PINK HORSE (Universal-International). A hard-boiled ex-Marine (Robert Montgomery) sets out to avenge his pal who has been ordered "eliminated" by a tax-evading racketeer. The story takes it from there, with a lot of involvements for all concerned—plus too much drinking and violence. However, there are certain social values highlighted, and these get a good play in the plot. **A, Y**

DESIRE ME (MGM). The old Enoch Arden theme again, with Robert Mitchum as the supposedly dead soldier-husband, Greer Garson as the wife ready to marry again, and Richard Hart as party of the second part. The story has strong emotional conflicts, resulting in misunderstanding and tragedy. The Old World atmosphere and the Britanny folk's character are well depicted. **A, Y**

DARK PASSAGE (Warner). While artistically above average in acting, photography and music background, this is ethically and socially unsound. The law is cheated through the use of plastic surgery and thwarted by the conniving of persons protecting the accused; a prison escape succeeds; the guilty criminal avoids punishment by suicide, and so on. Where were the code-keepers while all this was going on? **A**

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS (MGM). For those who like music (both operatic and popular) with a slice of romance on the side, this will provide entertainment of the lighter variety for those of almost all ages and tastes. **A, Y, C**

NIGHTMARE ALLEY (20th Century-Fox). Just about what the name implies. In this "alley" is witnessed the complete disintegration of a man (Tyrone Power) who possesses a genius for conquering women's soft hearts and using his conquests for his own evil purposes. Behind-the-scenes revelations of charlatan cultists and imitation psychiatrists, plus a sad but sharp depiction of the public's gullibility regarding spiritism, are elements of this sordid and distasteful film. **A, Y**

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE (Warner). Considerably toned down from the Broadway play from which it was taken, this picture has its gay moments—principally in the satire expended on a predatory woman. But it has also some potentially dangerous possibilities, should some of its action be emulated by young people hungering for an "uninhibited life." **A**

I HAVE TROUBLE (Columbia). Trouble seems indeed to be the main commodity dealt with by Detective Franchot Tone as he tries to uncover the facts demanded by a client. Murder, blackmail and other sinister doings are insufficiently motivated, even though the story does stress that crime does not pay. **A, Y**

THE UNSUSPECTED (Warner). Claude Rains, as a radio narrator of murder mys-

teries, does his usual competent acting in a story that is morbid and unpleasant. Though in the end the murderer admits his guilt, one feels that he glories in the confession. **A**

WHERE THERE'S LIFE (Paramount). Bob Hope in a case of mistaken identity which makes him the prospective occupant of a throne in some distant never-never country. The typical Hope humor comes thick and fast. **A, Y, C**

THE INVISIBLE WALL (20th Century-Fox). The story loses itself in complications while attempting to show the evils of gambling and how a taste of happily married life may change a man from a moral weakling to an honest citizen. **A, Y**

DOCUMENTARIES

POWER BEHIND THE NATION (Warner). This inspiring two-reeler in Technicolor, sponsored by the Motion Picture Association of America, vividly portrays American people at work, utilizing the country's tremendous resources. Its appeal would have been stronger had it shown not only what we do for ourselves,

but what we are willing to share. **A, Y, C**

THE HOUSE IN THE DESERT (United Palestine Appeal). The well-done and challenging story of a community near the Dead Sea and how it grew from the dreams and work of one man. **A, Y, C**

ASSIGNMENT: TEL AVIV (United Palestine Appeal). Quentin Reynolds visits Tel Aviv, spends a week with a typical family, and discovers the true meaning of Palestine as a Jewish National Home. (16mm; 21 minutes; sound. May be booked through United Palestine Appeal, 41 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.) **A, Y, C**

RE-ISSUES

Because of popular interest, several films which in the past met with highly favorable interest are being redistributed as major features. Among them we recommend the following: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (MGM)**; **100 MEN AND A GIRL (Universal-International)**; **ARIZONA (Columbia)**—all eminently suited to family consumption. For adults and young people: **THE GREAT WALTZ (MGM)** and **GONE WITH THE WIND (MGM)**.

VISUAL AIDS FOR THE CHURCH

● As a special service to readers interested in obtaining suitable visual aids for church and Sunday school use, we present in this column a listing of some of the available subjects. This month we recommend the following selections of 2x2 slides, 35mm filmstrips and 16mm motion pictures which may be secured from your denominational board or bookstore, or from other visual aids dealers. All are Christmas subjects.

SLIDE SETS

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JUVENILE DELINQUENT

(Continued from page 23)

When they arrived at the conference these boys had been sullen, resentful and a little afraid, but they left with smiles and pats on the back and the astounding realization that they were now allies of the police.

As agreed, the twelve ringleaders returned in a week for another meeting and brought with them twenty-four more boys, aged from 6 to 16. (Incidentally, during that week there was not one complaint of any damage done in that district.) The chief suggested that maybe the boys might like to form some sort of club.

"What kind of a club?" the boys asked.

"Well," said the chief, "we might name it 'The Morristown Police Junior Legion of Honor.'" That sounded good to the boys, although one persistent teen-ager held out for calling it "The Knute Rockne Colts."

In a matter of weeks there were 300 boys enrolled in the Police Junior Legion of Honor. The word spread like wildfire through the whole town that the police were friends of the boys. The chief's aid, Lieutenant Valerius went into every district (fourteen altogether) and talked to the young troublemakers and they in turn rushed to headquarters to join the Junior Legion of Honor.

One police officer, who had volunteered for the service, was placed in charge of each group and thereafter he was the group advisor and leader. Festivities began with hot-dog roasts for each of the fourteen groups—the hot dogs being cooked and served by the police personally. The boys thought this was fine. A softball league was organized in which the boys played against the police, and often won.

On the more serious side, each boy individually signed a pledge that read as follows:

On My Honor:

1. I will always and ever honor, respect and obey my parents.
2. I will always be faithful to my religious duties.
3. I will always respect the laws of the town, state and nation.
4. I will always conduct myself in a manner that will reflect credit on me and the Junior Legion of Honor of which I am a member.
5. I will always, by proper conduct and example, try to lead all boys to do right.
6. I will always be ready to assist those in trouble who deserve help.
7. I will always be faithful to, and attend all meetings of, the Junior Legion of Honor to which I belong.
8. I will always be regular in my attendance at school and will continually strive to do the best I can to acquire a proper education.

9. I will always respect the rights and properties of others.

10. I will uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States and so conduct my life as to receive for myself and bequeath to others the blessings conferred upon us by its first ten amendments, commonly known as the Bill of Rights.

Each boy also received a red, white and blue badge bearing the proud inscription: "Morristown Police Junior Legion of Honor." He also received an illuminated membership scroll signed by the mayor and by Chief Roff.

As the proud possessor of these tangible assets, each boy was eligible for the dozens of activities arranged by the police advisors. There were outings to the Polo Grounds and Yankee Stadium in special buses. There were swimming parties at "Playland" on Long Island Sound near Rye, N. Y. The boys had their own movie shows (educational, sports and adventure films) and supervised boxing.

In winter there were ice skating events. With warmer weather came track and field meets. And at other times the cops instructed the boys in woodcraft, airplane building, baseball, basketball, and almost everything in a young boy's range of interest.

Who pays for all this? The private citizens of Morristown whom Chief Roff has personally solicited. What better investment, asks the chief, could one make than in the youth of America? (He sees to it that the entertainment is kept unelaborate in the wealthier districts to avoid discontent in the poorer sections.) In some cases, the boys can raise their own funds by charging admission to certain events. The town too has set aside a fund, and the police officers themselves have been known to dig into their pockets.

Weekly meetings are held in school gymnasiums (the Board of Education has cooperated enthusiastically), in county court buildings, church buildings, or in the cellars and playrooms of private homes.

The police have an entertainment committee through which all requests for speakers and entertainment must be cleared to assure a proper program for the boys. There is a recreation committee which is composed of the younger members of the police department who specialize in athletics.

Members of the police force who have volunteered for this service give much of their time free and each police advisor regularly attends the weekly meeting of his group. Should the meetings fall at a time when he is scheduled for active duty, he is granted the necessary time and his beat is patrolled by an auxiliary police officer.

Does all this really put a stop to juvenile delinquency? Yes, it does. The boys see to that. The original idea of policing their own area has not been

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forgotten. Each group elects a president, a captain and a lieutenant who supervise while the rest of the boys patrol at different times. Then if any member of the Legion of Honor commits some minor wrong or mischief, he is summoned to appear for hearing before a special court presided over by the boys themselves. The presidents of each group meet and one of them is selected to be judge, one a prosecutor and one or more serve as counsel for the accused. The other presidents then comprise the jury. The very able police recorder, R. Sar Mischiara, has instructed the boys in correct procedure. The boys respect these courts which they themselves created.

DURING the first four years after the Roff (or Morristown) Plan went into operation, there were only seven cases of juvenile delinquency. And these were war years with a reduced police force. In 1946, the first full, restless post-war year, there were only six cases which is amazingly low for a town of 16,000 inhabitants.

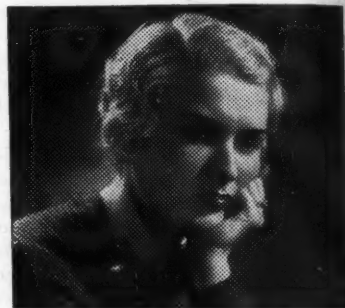
Morristown's large stores report a great change in the boys who now freely venture inside their doors. The stores no longer miss articles as they did after the boys' former visits. The moral tone of the whole community has been vastly improved.

Even Hallowe'en nights are comparatively quiescent. And last year on this holiday noted for its petty vandalism, most of the boys of the town appeared in a body and spent the greater part of the evening in front of the police station (a not unpleasant place to be—there is a sunken pool, ample shrubbery, beautiful surroundings) as a way of demonstrating to the police that they personally were up to no mischief.

The Roff plan has even been retroactive and in many instances boys have made restitution for damage they did before the plan went into effect. A greenhouse operator reported that a young boy came to him in overalls one summer and announced that he wanted to work for him for nothing for a week. He explained that a long time before he had deliberately broken several of the greenhouse windows and he now wanted to make up for it. Others have reported that windows, fences and shrubbery have been paid for and not damaged since.

Occasionally, with old offenders the plan seems ineffective. Take the case of Bill, who had been brought into court many times before 1942 and even after the plan was in operation—he was still misbehaving on a grand scale. "That boy will end up in jail, sure as shooting," people said. When in one week he was brought to court three times, the chief called him in and said, "Bill, what's the trouble?" The boy wouldn't talk at first but finally he

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burst into tears and laid his story bare before Chief Roff. His father was an alcoholic, the family had no money and were living on relief. The boy's clothes were torn and tattered and he felt that people were laughing at him. He had lost faith in himself, his family and humanity.

Well, the Junior Legion of Honor finally straightened him out and the father was sent to a sanitarium. Bill got to be head of his class in studies and won a cup for running. He even went to college—a state college, not the type of state institution that had been predicted for him a few years before. He left college to join the Marines and was decorated three times for gallantry in action on Guadalcanal and other Pacific outposts. Neither his father nor mother ever wrote to him while he was overseas, although he wrote to them regularly.

When he returned to Morristown on a short furlough, he found that his mother was dead, his father still in the institution. He went to Chief Roff, opened his billfold and took out \$350. He said, "Chief, here's some money I've saved. Would you do me a big favor, find my father for me and give this money to him?" When the chief expressed amazement at this generosity for a father who had never done anything for him, Bill said simply, "My father's in trouble, Chief. You always taught me to help people in trouble. You wouldn't want me to go back on your own teaching, would you? And after all, he is my father." The chief had no reply to that one.

INCIDENTS like that have only served to strengthen Chief Roff's belief that God doesn't make any bad boys. "But because of the lack of interest shown in them," he says, "and because of no leadership and poor environment, they have done bad things. Now, delinquency very often leads to crime, and many of the unfortunate inmates of prison today were started on the road to ruin when they were in grade school. The children must be taught and guided while they are young and ways must be found to siphon off their excess energy constructively. It's often too late when the boy's grown up. You can't just cut out the bad part with a knife. No flower-grower waits until the flower is in bloom before attending to it. He nurtures the bud along and sees to it that no bad parts are encouraged to develop."

The chief—who has three grown sons of his own (a salesman, a reporter and a musician)—believes along with his friend J. Edgar Hoover that youth is America's greatest asset and resource, the bulwark of America in peace as in war. He believes nothing could be finer than to have the Morristown story duplicated in every town in America and he does not see why it cannot be so.

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SIX MINUTES TO LIVE

(Continued from page 39)

to win two World Wars, had his roots in the War Between the States when his Georgian father, then a mere boy of sixteen, was captured at Macon by the Yankees and shortly thereafter met and married Alan's mother.

It was twenty years before Alan Roberts was to be born. But meanwhile his father, a hard-working, God-fearing man, had established himself as the leading farmer and businessman in his community. A man with a conscience, he continually used his money for the community welfare. He built gratis the town's Methodist church, and paid the preacher's salary. Likewise, he built a new school building for the local academy, and for years supported the school's sole teacher. He was a man who, according to his son, "made no fuss over religion. He lived his religion."

IT WAS into such an atmosphere of security and sobriety that Alan Roberts was born on April 3, 1888, his mother's fortieth birthday.

Alan, the boy, was well-cared-for, but he will indignantly deny that he was pampered. He grew up lean and strong in body and mind. He could outrun, outride and outshoot any boy for miles around.

He was to remember these things all his life.

He was to remember, too, that he was brought up a devout Christian. His father neither drank nor cursed, and was temperate in all things. His family, as he says, lived Christianity, and it was a seven-day-a-week affair. At twelve years he formally joined the church, and by sixteen he was superintendent of the Sunday school, heading up a staff of eleven teachers.

At college (shall we call it Southern Tech?) young Alan captained the football, baseball and track teams, and was graduated at the top of his class with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering. He decided upon four more years of intensive study at M.I.T., from whence he again emerged with top scholastic honors and degrees in Mechanical Engineering, Civil Engineering, and Electrical Engineering. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he took also a course in theology. And at both colleges he was active in the Y.M.C.A.

Not the least of his collegiate experiences was his marriage, at the age of twenty-one, to a girl who was a bare fifteen. The marriage was romantic and successful, social inequalities and rumors to the contrary. She was the daughter of one of the tenant farmers on the Roberts plantation.

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large house. Theirs was an almost idyllic existence.

With his father's initial help, Alan was a quick business success and soon became a large-scale contractor, erecting cotton mills all over the South. He had acquired several hundred acres of land of his own. He was by now the proud father of two baby boys. He was 28 years old.

But that year his mother, a quiet woman who had been ill for years, died of cancer. And his father died a year later.

Another shadow passed over Alan Roberts' life in 1917, although he did not think of it as such at the time. To this healthy and active young man, war was an adventure to be leaped at. He hurried to enlist as a private, became a first sergeant in two weeks, and went overseas with the 16th Infantry as a first lieutenant.

At Chateau-Thierry, a horrible four-day battle in which his outfit lost 71% of its men in killed or wounded, Alan Roberts was left on the battlefield for dead. As in a nightmare he remembers the bloody, hand-to-hand fighting. But he fell finally with rifle bullets in each leg, a bayonet gash through his right wrist, and a broken jaw. He lay on the soggy field for 36 hours while gangrene developed in his mouth.

He had his teeth removed in the base hospital and came back to fight again in the Second Battle of Verdun, the Argonne and Belleau Woods. Later at Coblenz, in the Army of Occupation, his weakened body came down with an overlapping siege of double pneumonia, then spinal meningitis, then mumps, then measles. He'd hardly been sick in his life before. The meningitis was the worst because it ate into his backbone and wore away the cartilage; and, as vertebra grated against vertebra, he thought that he would lose his mind from the pain. He shrunk in height more than an inch; his weight fell from a husky 225 to an all-but-dead 93.

He was sent home on the U.S.S. Mercy, still delirious and with a high fever. The army doctors sent him to Fort Bliss, Texas, a warm and dry climate. They feared that he also had tuberculosis.

Alan Roberts never saw his wife again. She had died in the flu epidemic of 1917. From his hospital bed at Ft. Bliss he sent for his three children, and they came to the post to be with him. At Bliss he began to walk again, but it was difficult and the pains were intense. The doctors gave him morphine almost daily. For three years he fought to get well. At the end of this time he was able finally to return to military duty; but the doctors announced that, well, they were sorry, but they had made a morphine addict of him.

So he had another fight on his hands,



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which he won at great cost. Alan Roberts has been fighting one battle or another all his life since.

Between wars he rose, in spite of everything, to be one of America's top engineers, working and living in such assorted places as New Mexico, Denver, Alaska, New York City, Minneapolis, Panama Canal, Maine, Virgin Islands and the British West Indies. He got yellow fever in Panama and broke his shoulder in Minneapolis. He made some money and survived the depression. He was doing all right, but to a large extent life had lost meaning for him.

He had long since lost his property and his construction business in Georgia; he never returned there. His children followed him on his peregrinations while he acted as tutor as well as father. Eventually they went away to school, the boys ending up respectively at West Point and Annapolis, the girl at Vassar and then Johns Hopkins where she became a trained nurse.

It wasn't long before the second World War ominously arrived. Alan Roberts watched all three of his children go to war, then promptly enlisted himself, although he was now close to sixty and in indifferent health.

As a civilian officer in the Engineers Corps, with a general's pay and comparable duties and authority, he landed with his regiment at Casablanca, fighting his way through Sicily and Naples to Anzio. There, on the battlefront beach, he stepped on a land mine which blasted him ten yards through the air, leaving him severely wounded in the chest and abdomen but still technically alive. His eyesight and hearing were also affected.

Nevertheless he fought his way back to action. A few weeks later, at the request of one of our commanding generals in France, Alan Roberts was made his personal assistant in charge of road and bridge construction for an entire army.

At the now historic Battle of the Bulge, Alan Roberts' general and his army slashed through from the flank to score a bloody but decisive victory. There was great loss of life. Roberts' personal memento of this holocaust was a machine-gun bullet through his right lung. The lung never did heal internally and today, although the war is many months behind, he usually finds blood on the pillow when he awakes.

The lung is not the worst of it. His stomach was knocked upside down by the Anzio mine blast and became tightly wedged between his heart and his lungs, so that the doctors could not get at it. Adhesions formed, with resultant danger to the heart. The doctors told him that no man can long live in this condition.

Nor is that all. When he returned to New York he received the soul-

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shaking news that one son was killed in Europe, the other far around the earth in the Pacific. And his daughter, the nurse, went down with the carrier *Lexington*. Three children given to his country.

HERE was a man without family, without home, without health, without hope. He didn't even have his career. He couldn't work (doctor's orders), his money was gone, and he had only his small disability pension.

Suddenly he had nothing to which to look forward but death. And he didn't look forward to that. He wanted neither life nor death. He felt that God had forsaken him. He felt that there was no God.

Thus it was that Alan Roberts gravitated to the Bowery, and finally into the arms of the Bowery Mission.

And that night he found the help he needed. He was given food, a warm bath, a warm bed. More important, he was given spiritual nourishment.

The next night, at the vesper service conducted by Superintendent George Bolton, Alan Roberts came back to God. He who had been superintendent of a Sunday school in his youth, but had hardly been in church since, was miraculously reconverted. And, with his rebirth, his problems began to ease.

Days later he asked for and received the privilege of doing easy chores in the Mission kitchen. He found that he enjoyed this work, and he regained some of his early-acquired skill at cookery. The Mission gave him a new outlook on life—and on death.

Much later, Superintendent Bolton had him transferred to the "House on 46th Street," which is an uptown extension of the Bowery Mission where men who have some income pay a nominal fee (\$3 weekly) for a clean room. A place, in other words, for men whose religion and self-respect have returned intact, and who have jobs.

Yes, his new friends helped Alan Roberts get work. And now, finally, with the permission of the Veterans' Administration, he works part of the month as cook on a tugboat in New York Harbor. He likes this mild work, even if it's not very exciting.

When you talk to Alan Roberts today, you see the tears come regularly to his eyes as he talks. He notices you wondering and he apologizes. The tears are involuntary, he explains, the result of his physical condition and his shattered nerves. A reflex action and purely physical, he is careful to say. But emotions cause tears, too, and you wonder if they are not perhaps tears of gratitude.

And how does he feel to know that he's going to die? "I'm ready to meet the Lord now," he says simply. "Thanks to the Mission, I'm prepared for death, whether it comes in six months or six minutes."

THE END

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CAUTION: Use only as directed.

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SENNA LAXATIVE
CONTAINED IN **SYRUP PEPSIN**

DEAR SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from page 33)

made change for a customer she would ask, "Have you taken one of these letters yet?" Seven out of ten people would thumb through the pile to find at least one that would hit them in the heart. Many take a half dozen; one stenographer took 75 back to her office and raised \$350 among her fellow-workers to buy the children what they asked for. A wholesale clothier went back to his shop and shipped a plaid shirt for every boy in the hospital and a bathrobe and dress for every girl.

Many of the requests are quite illogical. A shoe salesman spotted a request from a boy whose only wish was for a pair of brown shoes. "Find out the size," he said, "and I'll see that he gets them."

It turned out that this four-year-old, born in the hospital and still in it, had never walked; had never owned a pair of shoes. The nurses were delighted with the offer. Perhaps the new shoes would be just the incentive he needed.

He got the shoes. And the day after the party he took his first uncertain steps in a walker!

A WOMAN picked out a letter with the quaint request for a purple suit. "Of all the things to want," she mused. "I'll get it for him if I have to make it myself."

In the end she made it. That child will probably never get out of the hospital to wear the suit, but every day the nurses slip it on over his body cast and he lies there, gloating over it.

By the same token, 11-year-olds want perfume and lipsticks; a boy with a rheumatic heart wants a football suit; a youngster with tuberculosis of the spine pleads for a pair of roller skates; a sadly deformed polio victim would like a fielder's glove and a baseball.

"Give them what they ask for, if possible," say the nurses. "You couldn't give them the same emotional lift by any medicine."

If you doubt it, just go in there on Christmas morning and take a look at the hopelessly crippled child pushing his roller skates back and forth on the bed, his face shining with new hope—or the little rheumatic-heart boy, lying flat on his back in his new football suit, his eyes brimming with tears of pure joy. In all of his long career, Santa Claus has never given such fabulous gifts at any price!

Many donors have no idea of how much good they are doing. A janitress took three letters because the hospital had been so kind to her sister about free medicine. A deaf man, to whom nobody had tried to explain the scheme, got thumbing through the letters himself. He found one from a boy who merely wanted a watch "that will wind up and go."

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Jerusalem

Dear Editor:

Do you realize that if the Jews were to receive the city of Jerusalem they would attempt to rebuild and to re-establish the Temple with the rituals and ceremonies of the laws of Moses, because they have not accepted Jesus Christ as the promised Messiah? Do you not agree that God cannot permit the Jews to re-establish the Temple at Jerusalem with its rituals and sacrifices; for this would serve as a token to the world that Jesus Christ was not the Messiah, and that the Jews are justified in their unbelief? Whether it be British or Arabs who bar this privilege to the Jews, God cannot permit them to return to Jerusalem in unbelief . . . No government on earth shall be able to defy God in an attempt to re-establish the Jews in Jerusalem. *Chicago, Ill.* OLE E. FLASKERUD

Well, that's a new angle! We don't want to argue about it, but from where we sit it seems more important and more Christian to take care of our multitude of hungry, homeless Jews than it does to quibble over *where* we are going to take care of them. Would it hurt God more to leave Palestine in the hands of the Moslem Arabs than to give it to the people among whom His own Son found birth? We wonder . . .

Did Mr. Truman See It?

Dear Editor:

I read in your columns of religious news that a letter had been received by the President of the United States from the Southern Baptists in regard to the recall of Myron Taylor as representative to the Vatican. It was further stated that someone from the Department of State answered for the President. Do you think the President ever saw or read the letter, inasmuch as Charles Ross, W. J. Connelly and Charles Murphy (Roman Catholics) are his secretaries?

Washington, D. C.

A READER

Yes, we think he saw that one; there are too many Southern Baptist votes for him to miss it! We doubt that the secretaries would be guilty of the implied misdemeanor. With Mr. Taylor already at the Vatican, why should they do that? We think too that if they, Roman Catholic or not, had a letter to write, they'd sign their own names, which this reader did not.

Career Women; The Klan

Dear Editor:

Under "Church News" in the October issue there appears the statement: "We don't like those career women any more than you do—mostly because they become too much like men, too masculine." I believe that such prejudice and ignorance is unworthy of a religious magazine.

Before censuring the Ku Klux Klan, why not remove the beam from your own eye?

Reading, Mass.

ELEANOR W. FLINT

Sorry! We didn't know career women were connected in any way with the Klan. But we *are* conscious of the beams in our own eyes, and we wish we could somehow get rid of them. Thank you for calling our attention to that.

(By the bye, the "career" ladies in the CHRISTIAN HERALD office didn't think much of that item, either!)

Thank You, God

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam had heard Dr. Stidger tell the story under the above title, before we got it in CHRISTIAN HERALD. Reading our article, Bishop Oxnam writes us:

It seemed to me when I heard it that there was something wrong with a man who would not put electricity into his own home for his own wife, and I didn't like the idea of cutting down wonderful trees, even to build a church. The article itself, however, even with the eccentricities that appear to be present, does something to one. It rather shames him. We take for granted so much in terms of personal pleasure and describe them as necessities. Here is a man who apparently has caught something of the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi. Perhaps we might have thought St. Francis a bit strange, too! What I am trying to say is that upon reading the article, I think it a valuable one.

New York City

G. BROMLEY OXNAM

To Smoke, or Not To Smoke?

Dear Editor:

It made me a bit disgusted a short time ago when someone wrote you criticizing some man's picture appearing in your magazine—or rather being disgruntled over the fact that the man looked as though he had a cigar in his hand when it was really a fountain pen! Supposing it *was* a cigar?

A good many good, kind Christians smoke and they are a lot better than many who profess to be Christians. . . . Personally, I don't smoke, but there are many, many good people who do, and it is their privilege, and not my right to criticize. Don't we all have faults of one type or another? Some worse even than smoking?

Being disgruntled and forever complaining can become very undesirable habits which grow on one, until people hate to see this type of person come, and are glad when he goes! Look for mistakes and you'll find them a-plenty in this world. Look for the good, and you'll find plenty of that, too. There is no excuse for narrow-mindedness. These are the people who always look down their noses at the wayward boy or girl in trouble instead of helping them—and then call themselves Christian! I'm sorry this is so long, but I feel better now. *San Francisco, Cal.*

MRS. MERRITT LAWSON

(A satisfied Herald reader)

That one looked almost too hot to handle when we first read it, but it seemed a shame to bury it in our files. So here it is. Methinks our readers will not be neutral toward it; this is the kind of writing that either makes you cheer or jeer. Making you do either, it makes you think. Want to tell us what you think about it?

Chaplains

Dear Sir:

You're much too liberal toward the Jews. They're a bad lot, trying to run the world. They even forced the U. S. government to put Jewish rabbis into the army and navy in the last war, and we Christians had to pay their salaries! It was an awful thing, and as a good American citizen I protest. What will they do when their international bankers get control of us? I shudder to think of it.

Detroit, Mich.

MRS. HENRY CARLISLE

Reader Carlisle really hasn't any reason to shudder. Insofar as the Jewish chaplains in the armed services is concerned, she is quite wrong; a check informed us that Rabbi Joseph Frankel of Philadelphia was commissioned chaplain in the Army in 1862. Insofar as paying their salaries, we believe the Jewish people in this country contributed quite enough to that war to pay the salaries of *all* the chaplains. Insofar as those diabolical "international bankers" are concerned, we'd like their names please. That libel has been made often; we have yet to hear anyone actually name the culprits.

And we fail to see that there is anything awful about Jewish chaplains providing for the spiritual needs of Jewish soldiers. Seems to us that if those Jewish boys are good enough to die, the least the country can do is to see that they may enjoy the benefits of religious freedom before they die for it!



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- Q. What made aluminum cheap?
A. Unremitting effort by ALCOA to make aluminum at lower and lower cost has reduced the price of ingot 45% since 1925; 25% since 1940.
- Q. Who is ALCOA?
A. Aluminum Company of America, 1786 Gulf Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

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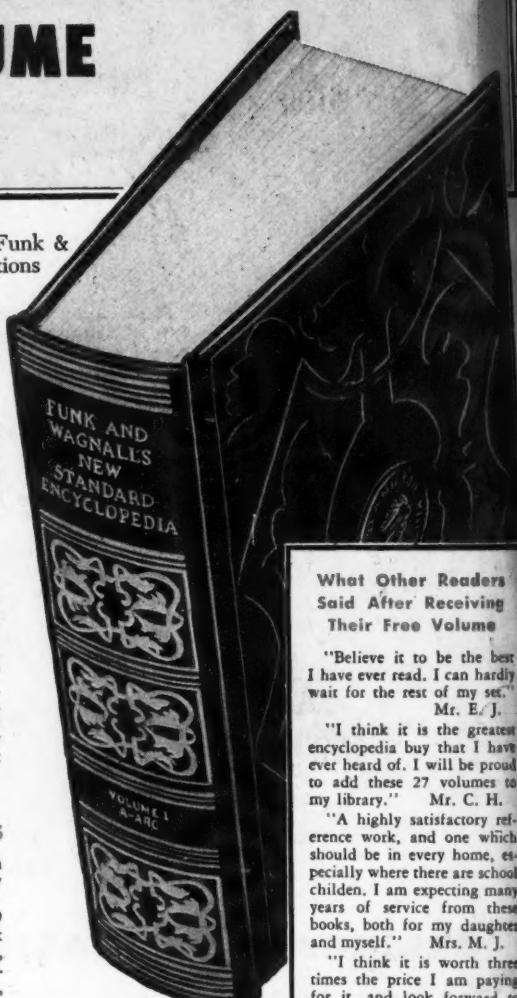
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